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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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SPAIN.—THE MARRIAGE OF KING ALFONSO XII. TO THE PRINCESS MERCEDES, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER, IN MADRID, JANUARY 23.
THE YOUNG QUEEN AND HER LADIES-IN-WAITING.—SEE PAGE 392.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

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THE SILVER QUESTION.

THE two political issues which undoubtedly engage the largest share of public interest at the present time are the questions which have been raised under the heads respectively of Civil Service Reform and the Remonetization of Silver. And the reception which each of these questions has met with in the Halls of Congress is well suited to serve as a gauge or criterion by which to estimate and define the attitude of the "average statesman" with regard to both of the pending measures. In respect to the first of these issues, the adherents of the two dominant parties at Washington seem, for the present, to have exhausted their energy in trying "how not to do it," and between them both the cause of Civil Service Reform has been brought to a temporary stand-still, to the equal satisfaction of Republicans like Mr. Conkling, who wish to turn the crank and fill the hopper of the political "machine" in the interest of their personal ambition, and of Democrats like Senator Eaton, who, with a keen eye to the eventualities of politics, wish to keep the spoils system in permanence, that the Democrats may ultimately administer on its estate in the character of residuary legatees.

With regard to the second of these measures, it would seem that the mind of our legislators has been brought into a state of "confusion worse confounded" by the very multiplicity of the efforts directed towards the finding of a way "how to do it." As in the early Corinthian Church, under the sway of an untrained and impulsive religious enthusiasm, every brother had "a psalm, a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation and an interpretation"; so in the Congress at Washington almost every member has his legislative bill, creed, speech, theory and exposition for the settlement of all the disputed questions which have been raised under the head of this most difficult and complicated discussion.

Where so many men of many minds have conspired by their lucubrations to produce no light, but rather to render the darkness only a little more visible, it would be at once idle and presumptuous for us to hope that we can furnish the reader with an Ariadne's clew which shall guide his steps to a ready exit from the mazes of this labyrinthine debate. And yet, it does seem to us that there are some principles which may be confidently laid down for the guidance of all who would approach this investigation with a sincere desire to discover the truth and avoid the illusions of prejudice.

We beg leave, then, in the first place, to remark that neither the search for truth nor the enactment of wise legislation in the premises is likely to be promoted by leveling coarse invectives and injurious charges at the heads of the men who are clamoring for the remonetization of silver. The men of the North and East, who denounce this clamor as the mere expression of a "silver lunacy" which has seized the minds of men in the South and West, are acting asirrational as the demagogues of the South and West, when they bring railing accusations against "bloated bondholders" and Wall Street "money kings," as vampires fattening on the life-blood of the people. The men of the North and the East must be content to bear their share in the financial opprobrium which they have helped to bring on the country, and which has merely been accentuated in one of its many repulsive phases by the outcry for silver in the West. The trading community of the North and East, ever since the advent of paper money in the year 1862, has been doing business with the West upon a speculative basis—selling goods and lending money upon the basis of the chance that, when pay-day came around, the value of a paper-dollar

would approximate more or less nearly to a dollar in gold. Under these circumstances every dollar of Eastern money invested at the West has tended to create an antagonism of selfish interests between the creditor classes of the East and the debtor classes of the West; for, if the former speculated on the hope of an improving currency, the latter would be sure to speculate on the hope of cheapening the currency precisely in proportion to the degree in which they supposed themselves likely to profit by the sliding scale of values.

It is not until this fountain and source of the Western agitation, first for more paper money, and now for silver remonetization, are clearly perceived and frankly admitted by candid minds at the North and the East, that we can hope to grapple with the errors and delusions which lie at the bottom of this deep popular movement. Mere denunciation of its authors as "knaves" and "swindlers" will not promote the ends either of justice or truth. So long as the country rests under the régime of an incontrovertible currency with changing values, it is inherent in the situation that the relations between the creditor and debtor classes should be envenomed with suspicions of jealousies. We are all in the same condemnation, and, as dwellers in houses of glass, we are not justified in throwing stones at each other.

It is not until this problem comes to be viewed apart from the selfish considerations which have implicated themselves with it in the popular discussion alike at the East and the West, at the North and the South, that we can hope for its solution on the grounds of a wise public economy, and in the light of the teachings afforded by the lamp of history. It is to some of the lessons derived from these sources that we hope to invite the attention of our readers when we resume the discussion of this topic in the coming week.

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

A BILL designed to abolish the city college has been recently presented to the State Legislature. In relation to it, the *Evening Express*, of January 15th, in its Albany letter, says: "As experience has shown that a very great majority of the students attending the free college are the children of wealthy parents, it is urged that the passage of the measure can work no serious injury." Unfortunately for the gentlemen supporting this Bill, the statement that the majority of the students are the children of wealthy parents is without foundation in fact, a mere glance at the list of residences of the pupils, as given in the annual register, showing that not one in fifty lives in those parts of the city inhabited by wealthy persons. The same register shows, on the contrary, and in the most satisfactory manner, that the students are the children of persons in moderate circumstances who would be unable to support them and at the same time pay for their education. Another fact which demonstrates the falsity of the sweeping statement that the students of the college are the children of wealthy parents is the steady loss in numbers in the higher classes that arises from the stern law of necessity, which compels the parents, in spite of their wishes, to have their children embrace the first opportunity of becoming self-supporting. To meet this law of necessity which pervades the whole of the public school system, and arrange the courses of studies in the college in such a manner as to be of the greatest service to those who are obliged to leave after two or three years' stay therein, has been one of the chief anxieties of the authorities, and has made greater demands upon their time and attention than any other problem associated with the management of the institution.

If, as is stated in the letter in the *Express*, the passage of the Bill can work no harm because the pupils are children of the wealthy, the converse is also evident, that since they are not rich, therefore the passage of the Bill will work harm. Of this there can be no doubt; for every member of the staff of teachers in the public schools of New York can testify to the usefulness of the college in elevating the standard of education in the public schools, many of which are now under the management of its former pupils. To take away this source of improvement will certainly do serious injury. Not only has the college exerted an excellent influence on the schools by exciting and stimulating the teachers to greater exertions in preparing their pupils to pass the examinations for entrance to the college, but the whole city has been made to feel the wholesome influence of the twelve to fifteen thousand pupils that have been within its walls during the thirty years of its existence. These young men, disciplined by the mental training they have enjoyed for one to five years, and elevated to a higher plane of citizenship by the orderly, law-abiding atmosphere of the college, have ex-

erted upon the cosmopolitan populace of a city like New York an influence the value of which no thoughtful patriot can either deny or underrate.

Another important bearing of the college upon society must not be overlooked. Since the foundation of the institution a large number of its graduates have been members of the Legislature of New York. The importance of having in that body as many as possible of those who have enjoyed the advantages of liberal education is so apparent that it requires no discussion. Again, the examination of the directory or register of the Senate and House of Representatives shows that one-half of the members thereof have received a collegiate education. If we take for granted that the United States have a population of forty millions, and that one hundred thousand have received a liberal education, we meet the fact that one-half of the whole number of law-givers comes from this small class, and it shows how great the advantage of this education is in enabling a man to take position and achieve success among his fellow-men. The wise foresight of the founders of the college has offered to the young men of New York, who can secure the means of living during five years, all the advantages that a thorough education and mental training can give. That the city youth have appreciated these advantages is evident from the steady increase in the applications for admission for each successive year of the last decade. To take away this gift of higher education, the possession of which has become to the youth of New York a right, confirmed by an overwhelming popular vote, is a dangerous experiment, savoring of the establishment of a class or a social division into educated and non-educated persons. The people have learned the value, we may say the necessity, of a liberal, freely offered education to the maintenance of democratic institutions, and anything tending to the establishment of class distinctions will certainly meet with as stern a rebuke at the ballot-box as would a proposition to establish a property qualification for citizenship. It is generally understood that the proposed Bill has already met such opposition that its passage is an impossibility; nevertheless, we have been constrained to offer these suggestions in the hope that those who may have thought lightly of its provisions may better appreciate its serious character.

CLUBS AND ART.

ABOUT a century ago Dr. Johnson defined a club as "an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions." This would answer very well as a description of the clubs which had existed up to the time of the great lexicographer. Those gatherings at the Mermaid Tavern, where Shakespeare and Beaumont, and Fletcher and Raleigh, and their companions, were wont to meet as members of the Mermaid Club, and the club which "rare Ben Jonson" founded at the Devil Tavern, certainly fulfilled the requirement of the dictionary. So, too, did the clubs which, during the next century, took their places in the great world of London. But with the changes in the habits and customs of society have come marked differences in these organizations. The "certain conditions" are greatly altered. The modern club-house is like a private hotel in its conveniences and decorations; and the twenty-five or thirty large clubs of London all have their splendid buildings, in which a lavish expenditure has provided the luxuries that to many make life delightful, and the elegant apartments offer a striking contrast to the modest tavern room that sheltered the clubs of the olden time.

In this country the clubs which have been organized have been modeled on the plan of those in London; but many of the New York clubs have introduced a feature which has proved to be of considerable importance in its influence upon art. In many of the London club-houses the walls are decorated with paintings. The elegant picture-gallery of the Reform Club has its full-length portraits of eminent political reformers, and at the Garrick, in Garrick Street, Covent Garden, the portraits of famous actors and actresses, Nell Gwynne and Peg Woffington and Garrick, and Mrs. Bracegirdle and the Kemble, and Foote and Sheridan and Macready, and scores of others, meet the eye of the visitor. But these are the property of the club, and, like the books in the library and the busts that adorn the parlors, are permanent attractions. In the New York clubs, however, there has grown up of late years a custom of monthly exhibitions of pictures in connection with the regular meetings. The artists who are members, and often those who are not, are invited to send their latest works for inspection by the *habitués* of the club and its guests for the evening, and the pictures are displayed to the best advantage.

The effect of this arrangement is beneficial to all concerned. The clubs have a constantly varying source of refined enjoyment provided for their members; and the

picture-galleries or parlors of the Century Club, the Union League, the Lotos, and the Palette, are hung for a certain number of days each month with choice works fresh from the easels of the New York artists. The pleasure of inspecting these is not confined to the sterner sex. On special days the ladies are admitted, and are doubtless so well treated as to cause them to look more favorably than is sometimes their custom upon these exclusive haunts of their husbands or brothers or sons, and perhaps to cheerfully indorse the Johnsonian definition of the club as "an assembly of good fellows." This pleasant custom of admitting ladies to the club-houses and regaling them with the sight of good pictures and the sound of fine music is, we believe, like their presence at public dinners, an exclusively American fashion. What the old fellows at the Mermaid or the Devil Tavern would have said to such innovations in a club house as an exhibition of pictures upon the walls and a gathering of ladies to look at them, it is curious to imagine.

As regards the benefit which the artists derive, both directly and indirectly, from the arrangement in question, there is a good deal to be said. It is somewhat singular that in so large a city as New York the painters of good pictures have such limited facilities for displaying the results of their labors. Their condition in this respect is peculiar. In London and Paris, and indeed at most of the art-centres of Europe, there are abundant opportunities of selling pictures to the regular picture-dealers who act as middlemen between the producer and the public, as well as to the occasional visitor at the studios. But in New York the dealers, with few exceptions, from one reason or another, give their attention and their influence almost exclusively to the introduction and sale of foreign pictures. Even those who have begun their career by a successful traffic in American works have found it profitable to transfer their allegiance to other nationalities in art, and to make their purchases only in foreign studios. So it has come to pass that, were it not for the clubs, our resident artists would be obliged to depend chiefly upon the annual exhibitions for bringing their works before the public outside of their own premises.

At the club exhibitions the pictures are seen by a large number of persons of intelligence and culture who may or may not become purchasers, but many of whom are connoisseurs in art, and the public interest in the different artists' works is doubtless materially increased. The young artists, especially those whose pictures have not obtained a wide reputation, need the opportunities for recognition of their merit which the clubs, to some extent, afford, and it is well for the interests of art that such facilities are offered. It is a significant fact, too, that organizations which by some are supposed to be exclusively devoted to enjoyments of a less elevated character—to eating and drinking, and cards and billiards—should in our society exercise so decided an influence in favor of American art.

IN an argument in Congress a few days ago on the resolution to extend the time that domestic whisky may remain in bond, General Butler said that the steady decline in gold during the past few weeks was due to the relaxed demand for gold to pay for import duties at the Custom Houses, merchants being unwilling to take out their goods as long as there was a prospect of a change in the tariff. He predicted that the Government would become embarrassed for money if such legislation as was proposed in the whisky resolution were carried out, and that the Treasury would find itself without funds towards the end of the fiscal year if the tax-paying interest were allowed to speculate upon the chances of legislation.

OUR TRADE WITH GERMANY.

THE State Department some time since instructed our consuls abroad to embody in their annual reports their views of the condition of American trade in the countries to which they are respectively assigned. We have already given a synopsis of several of these reports, all of which are interesting and significant. The consul at Bremen reports that that city now receives from the United States as much petroleum and tobacco as any other port on the continent of Europe, and there is also a very considerable trade in raw cotton. But it is not only the natural products of America which are taken to Bremen. For several years two of the largest manufacturers of mowing and reaping-machines in the United States have had their warehouses and head European offices in that city, and the number of machines sold by these and similar houses having their headquarters in other German cities has been simply enormous. Within the past year or two several Americans have started agencies for the sale of small agricultural implements and tools, and have met with marked

success, and throughout the whole great North German plain-land hundreds of patent automatic windmills are replacing the more picturesque, but cumbrous and inconvenient, mills of the old style. It is only within the past two years that the importation of American canned goods has begun, yet it has already grown to be a large business, engaging the attention of several firms, and now the familiar American cans of fruit, meats and vegetables can be found in every grocery. An experiment, promising success, is now making by a young American firm, who have opened a showroom and agency for all kinds of American goods. They undertake to supply anything of American manufacture that may be desired. Another important matter is the decay of the trade between Germany and America in many sorts of woolen and cotton goods. Many houses that formerly did a large business of this sort, and had branch-houses in American cities, have now been compelled to seek other markets or engage in other business. The question, only to be answered by experiment, which this state of affairs suggests, is whether the goods of American manufacture which are preferred in America might not also be sold profitably in Germany?

"A LADY OF CULTURE."

IN the list of wants which fill rather than adorn so many columns of our daily papers, may usually be found the advertisement of "a lady of culture" who desires an immediate situation. Sometimes she is quite specific, and takes the reader into her confidence. She has just been unexpectedly and unfortunately thrown upon her own resources. Perhaps in consequence of financial losses she is left to struggle for a livelihood alone. Or she is a stranger, and, used to luxury and the best society, wishes a position that is not menial. She usually has two or three extra languages at her tongue's end, and is skilled in music. She is a fine reader, and would be a most interesting companion to an invalid, especially if the latter intends to travel. In short, she is an accomplished and refined young lady, a sort of princess in distress, imploring relief from a preoccupied and unpitying world.

The editor of one of our city dailies lately said he had received twenty applications for positions or advice within a month from young ladies of culture. Some of these applicants may have been adventurers, but many of them had good references, and their manners showed good breeding. A single case would serve as an illustration of the general character of these applications. It was that of a widow not over twenty-five. She was quite pretty, though not handsome. Her manners had the stamp of refinement. She could talk in French, Italian and Spanish, and was a fair pianist. Her husband had died in the Summer, leaving a few thousand dollars for her in the hands of a lawyer, who was his best friend. As it was not enough for her support, she succeeded at length in getting an opportunity to try her hand in teaching in a Western seminary. She went to the trustee of her little property for funds enough to prepare for and make her journey, when, after several postponements, she learned that he had lost the whole of it in ruinous speculations, and she had no redress. A comparative stranger in the city, and with no relatives who could assist her, owing for her board, and with nothing but her untrained faculties to depend upon, she advertised for a situation, but only triflers answered and the result of her experiment was despair. She said, with evident truth, that her "finished" education was useless to her. She knew not any one thing well enough to teach it. The wares she had to offer were a drug in the market. Her costly culture was worth less as a means of support than a pair of strong arms. "Oh, that I could cook or make clothes!" she exclaimed; "but when I offered myself as housemaid to an acquaintance, she turned away from me with positive rudeness."

Such illustrative tales remove the bandage from one of the sore places of modern American life. A woman may be pardoned for not wanting a "young lady of culture" in her kitchen. A common Irish girl, who knows the mere rudiments of domestic duty and can get a decent dinner, is worth more than the graduate of a boarding-school who could play *list* or *popin*, and prattle in three tongues besides that of her mother. Such a "help" would be as useless as a French dancing-horse on a farm, or a picture by Gérôme or Bierstadt on the walls of a shanty whose inmates had neither potatoes nor fire. People are not to blame for refusing to buy the services of a person they have no earthly use for, and whom they would not know how to dispose of. The fault is not with the "young lady of culture," but with the false and pernicious system of education which substitutes accomplishments for training, and calls a woman educated when she cannot earn a living even to save her honor. Yet this is

what the fashionable female education amounts to. It is literary tinsel. It is a linguistic gewgaw. It is a showy fringe on a tissue of nothingness. The worst of our fashionable seminaries for young ladies is not that they cultivate the tastes and graces and charms which adorn womanhood, but that they do nothing else; they unfit their pupils for self-dependence and self-support by neglecting to train the faculties which are of use, and fit their possessors for the practical life of the world, as Chinese shoes unfit their wearers for walking. And the unfortunate result is that thousand of our young women are educated out of the sphere to which they really belong, for ladyhood instead of womanhood; and should anything shatter the fortunes of their parents or husbands they would be left utterly helpless and at the mercy of the world.

The first element of a true culture is utility. The homely uses of life are the strong body without which accomplishments have nothing to adorn but themselves, and are thrown away. In the swift fluctuations of business, and the terrible reverses which so often sweep away the best founded fortunes, no one is safe. It is folly for any family to rear a girl in the lap of indulgence for a life of luxury, when a single wave of misfortune may sweep the castle beautiful away and leave its inmates at the mercy of the pitiless elements. Every girl should be so educated that, should adversity throw her upon the world, she will fall, like the cat, on her feet, ready for a run on her own account. A lady of culture is one who can use her knowledge and accomplishments for her own support in case of need, and does not feel that any useful industry is demeaning. The practical must precede and support the ornamental, and even the ornamental should be so thoroughly ingrained that it can be made of use in case of need. The worst evils of modern society will not be got rid of till every woman is able to earn an honest livelihood, and respects every other woman who earns one, whether she is a "lady of culture" or not.

ON TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

AMERICANS who remember the exciting "On to Richmond" cry of the dark days of the war, can appreciate the meaning of the Russians who, flushed with victory and stung with brutalities unworthy of savages, shout "On to Constantinople!" It is the deepening feeling of the victors that nothing short of the capture of that city, and the dictation of terms of peace within its wall, will settle the Eastern Question beyond the possibility of future troubles. The victorious Prussians knew that Sedan was not enough for the complete humiliation of France; they must take Paris. Constantinople is the citadel of the Turkish situation, and until it falls all talk of peace is a mere skirmish on the outer lines of the enemy's stronghold.

The Grand Duke Nicholas has consented to treat with the Turkish envoys at Adrianople. The place has a historic renown which will add to the significance of any treaty that may be concluded there. Frederick Barbarossa concluded a treaty with the Greeks within its walls in 1190, A. D. The city was captured by the Bulgarians, who defeated Baldwin I., in 1205; Sultan Murad I. conquered it in 1361, and it was the Turkish capital till the defeat of Constantine II. and the conquest of Constantinople, in 1453. The Russian general, Diebitsch, took it in 1829, and concluded a treaty there September 14th. It is an important city of 150,000 inhabitants, of whom a third are Greeks, and is connected by rail with Constantinople, which is only one hundred and thirty miles away. It is of less consequence, however, where the treaty is made than what it contains. The terms demanded by the Czar are condemned as hard by the British Tory papers. But when it is remembered that the war has cost Russia eighty-three thousand lives, to say nothing of the suffering and treasure, and, moreover, that decisive victories have virtually wiped out the armies on which Turkey depended, the terms exacted will seem moderate, if not magnanimous. The utter defeat of the Turks in both Europe and Asia, leaves them at the mercy of the victorious Russians. Suleiman Pasha has succeeded in escaping with a remnant of his army from the victorious General Gourko, and is trying to reach Constantinople by the way of Gallipoli. Desperate efforts are making to defend the Turkish capital, but the troops are demoralized and dispirited, and the fanatical populace clamor for peace on any terms. The city is full of starving fugitives, and a brief siege would reduce the people to a state of starvation. Turkey is now too low to expect European intervention. Whatever England might have done in the beginning of the war, there is not the slightest probability that she will lift a finger for the rescue of Turkey now; indeed, the anti-war party is in the ascendency in Parliament, as well as in the nation. The solution of the whole difficulty is virtually in

the hands of Russia, and the Czar is evidently acting in direct accord with the Emperors of Germany and Austria, and will have their consent to whatever he insists upon. Under these circumstances, in demanding the independence of Servia and Roumania, the addition of Antivari, Nisces and Spuz to Montenegro, the autonomy of Bulgaria, which is to have a Governor, whose appointment is approved by the Great Powers, the reform of abuses in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the cession of a part of Bessarabia and Batoum and a part of Erzeroum, with adjacent territory, to Russia, with the payment of the expenses of the war, in money or otherwise, Russia asks nothing unreasonable of a conquered and prostrate enemy. Whatever England may say to the demand, it is probable that Europe will acquiesce in it.

But this treaty is merely a truce. It is the sixth treaty Russia has made with Turkey in a little more than a hundred years. It shows that the time for the final solution of the Eastern Question has not yet come, and that solution is suggested in the cry which rises, increasing in force and volume, from the Russian armies and people, and from all parts of Europe. The Turk, as a governing power, must, sooner or later, be expelled from Europe. Constantinople, the gate that opens Europe to Asia and Asia to Europe—the key to two continents—must be placed in civilized hands.

AMONG the Congressional schemes for reform is one for removing the Signal Service from the War Department to the Treasury Department, and for then consolidating it with the Coast Survey and the Life-Saving Service. To a large extent the Signal Department is devoid of special military attributes, while its utility to commercial interests is of constantly growing significance.

THE dissatisfaction felt with the report of the Canadian Fisheries Commission is so great and general that Congress will not confirm it. It will be attacked in both Houses as unjust, unreasonable and not based on facts. As the whole matter has to be ratified by Congress before it can have any force, or before the award can become due, it may be taken for settled that the result of the Commission's labors is as good as thrown away.

TROUBLous times are prevailing on the Asiatic borders of Russia, where the Chinese have just taken military occupation of Kashgar, the most important State in Turkestan, a province extending from the Caspian eastward, bounded on the north by the Russian dominions and on the south by Persia and India. As Eastern Turkestan is in the direct line of the Russian advance in Asia, it is not impossible that the Chinese occupation may lead to serious complications with the Russian Bear as soon as the Turk is disposed of.

THE State of Massachusetts is not willing to stand in an ambiguous attitude on the subject of specie payments. As all but \$2,674,500 of \$32,220,464 total indebtedness of the State is unequivocally payable in gold, and half of this amount is bonds of the Troy and Greenfield Railroad, which are payable in either gold or silver coin, and were made in 1862, when gold and silver were equally recognized as coin, to remove all ambiguity relative to this amount the House Committee on Finance, on January 24th, reported a Bill making the entire debt of the State payable in gold.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE INDIAN BUREAU.—The House Military Committee have under consideration the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The committee are agreed as to the importance of the transfer, but the most important feature under consideration is the manner of the transfer. The sub-committee to which the subject has been referred are partially willing to surrender the Bureau to the War Department without transferring clerks, officials or anybody at all connected with the management. The intention is to bring about an entire new departure. This seems to be absolutely demanded by the facts before the committee. The idea is to bring the conduct of Indian affairs strictly under the martinet discipline of the army, and to have the Secretary of War absolutely master of the business unencumbered by existing regulations.

THE NAVAL INVESTIGATIONS.—The Navy Department will be investigated by both the Naval Committees of the House, the chief committee, of which Mr. Whithorne is chairman, having decided to make a searching inquiry into the operations of the department. There will be no interference with the work of the other committee, the one on the expenditures of the Navy Department. Mr. Whithorne says there is no authority for the assertion that he has complained of being balked in his investigation hitherto by the conduct of favoritism towards ex-Secretary Robeson of any of the members of his committee; but nevertheless he intends to pursue his inquiry independently of whatever may be done elsewhere. He is waiting now for the printed pamphlets containing the last annual

reports of the Navy Department, and will take up the investigation where it left off at the expiring of the Forty-fourth Congress.

THE POOR MAN'S COLLEGE.—The opponents of the New York College—formerly the Free Academy—urge as an argument against its retention, that it costs \$1,000 for each student graduated there. This statement is manifestly an exaggeration. The average attendance of students is not less than eight hundred, and these must be calculated in estimating the cost *per capita* whether they graduate or not. The large majority select the commercial course of one year, which is an excellent one, and turns out good and useful pupils. The expenditures are about one hundred and forty thousand dollars a year, which would make the cost of each student on the average number one hundred and seventy-five dollars. The accounts for last year show the payments for salaries to have been \$120,500 out of a total of \$141,500, the small balance being for stationary, fuel, gas, books, apparatus and repairs. The teachers are not overpaid and not disproportionate in numbers to the attendance.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GOLD declined to 101 $\frac{1}{4}$ in New York on January 23—the lowest figure quoted since 1862.

ASA S. KENDALL, of Swansea, received the Prohibition nomination for Governor of New Hampshire.

A NEW method of cleaning the streets has been adopted by the Police Commissioners of New York City.

NINE large morocco-leather firms in Philadelphia, and one in Washington, failed on January 22d.

A RESOLUTION favoring the Bland Silver Bill has been adopted in the Ohio Senate by a strict party vote.

RESOLUTIONS favoring resumption and a gold standard have been adopted by the Chamber of Commerce, Charleston, S. C.

EDWARD K. COLLINS, founder of the once famous Collins line of ocean steamships, died, January 22d, aged seventy-six years.

MEMORIAL services in honor of the late Samuel Bowles, editor and proprietor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, were held January 23d.

A RESOLUTION has been adopted in the New York Assembly, directing its Railroad Committee to investigate the great coal combination.

THE Connecticut House of Representatives has passed resolutions opposing the Bland Silver Bill, and favoring the resumption of specie payments.

CHARGES of irregularity have been made against the Commissioner of Jurors, New York, for excusing jurymen from service on payment of a fee of \$50.

A REQUIEM MASS was celebrated in Washington, January 22d, to the memory of the late King of Italy, in the presence of a large and fashionable audience.

FREDERICK LAW OLMFSTED, designer of the Central Park, New York City, was removed from his position by the Park Commissioners, in spite of the protestations of prominent citizens, and made consulting landscape architect.

It is announced that the House Committee on Military Affairs have agreed to report a Bill favoring the rehearing of the charges against the distinguished physician, Dr. William Hammond, formerly Surgeon-General of the United States Army.

THE monument, designed as a memorial to the officers and men of the Navy who were lost or died from wounds received during the Rebellion located on Pennsylvania Avenue, near the entrance to the Capitol Park, Washington, has been completed, and is ready for dedication.

IN the United States SENATE the statue of William King, Governor of Maine, was presented to the Government with formal speeches of a short character, in which Senators Blaine, Hamlin, Hoar and Dawes participated, January 22d. On the next day Mr. Cockrell spoke in favor of silver and Mr. Randolph against it, and on the 24th Mr. Lamar delivered a great speech in opposition to the Matthews resolution. In the House a motion to suspend the rules and pass a bill to pay duties in greenbacks was defeated by the lack of a two-thirds vote. Authority was given for an investigation as to the amount of silver and gold coin available for resumption. On the 25th, in the Senate, a number of amendments to the Matthews silver resolution were defeated, and the resolution itself adopted by a vote of 43 to 22. The Bland Bill came up for consideration, and the session closed with Mr. Morrill entitled to the floor.

Foreign.

THE difficulty between the Argentine Republic and Chili concerning the Patagonian frontier has been arranged by an agreement to submit it to arbitration.

IN consequence of the renewed disturbances of the Gaikas, at Cape Town, South Africa, the British Government has ordered a reinforcement of its troops in that country.

AMONG the Northumberland (Eng.) miners, 4,375 have voted to appoint a committee to settle the dispute with the masters, while 2,096 favored a continuance of the long strike.

AN insurrection has broken out in Thessaly, the leaders massing large bodies of citizens under the Greek flag and driving the Turks into the fortress of Volo. Christian families are flocking to Athens.

KING ALFONSO XII. was married to the Infanta Mercedes, daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, in Madrid, January 23d. His mother, the ex-Queen Isabella, was not permitted to enter Spain to attend the ceremony.

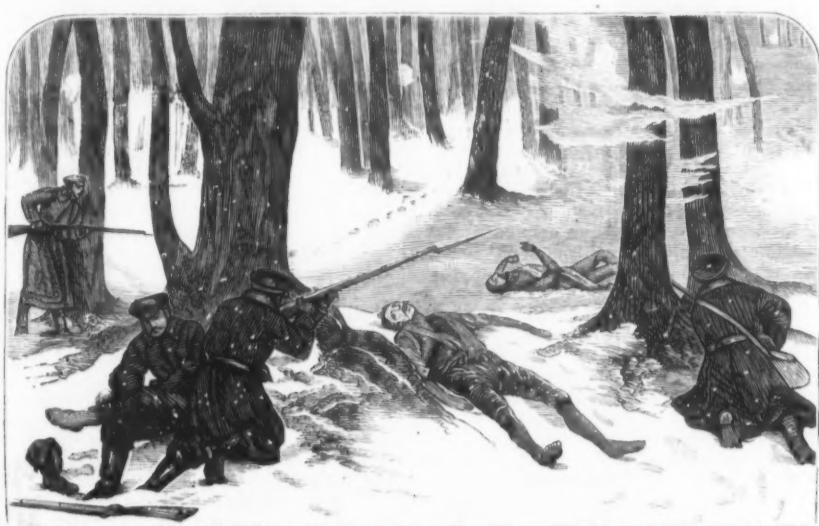
THE Russian troops have entered Adrianople, and the commander has appointed the Greek Archbishop Governor of the city and vicinity. General Gourko, with the Imperial Guard, after fighting the Turkish forces under Suleiman Pasha several days, has driven them into the Rhodope Mountains.

THE Turkish delegates were ordered to sign the conditions proposed by Russia, as preliminary to peace, and on January 24th all the conditions were accepted by the Porte. A solemn engagement was made to keep the document a secret until the treaty was signed, but it is supposed that Russia has demanded large territorial concessions, payment of war indemnity, Erzeroum, Kars and Batoum being held as a guarantee for prompt payment; the opening of the Dardanelles to Russian men-of-war; that Servia shall be independent, without compensations; Montenegro receive Antivari, Nisces and Spuz; and a portion of the territory bordering on Lake Scutari; and that the treaty be signed by the Grand Duke Nicholas in Constantinople.

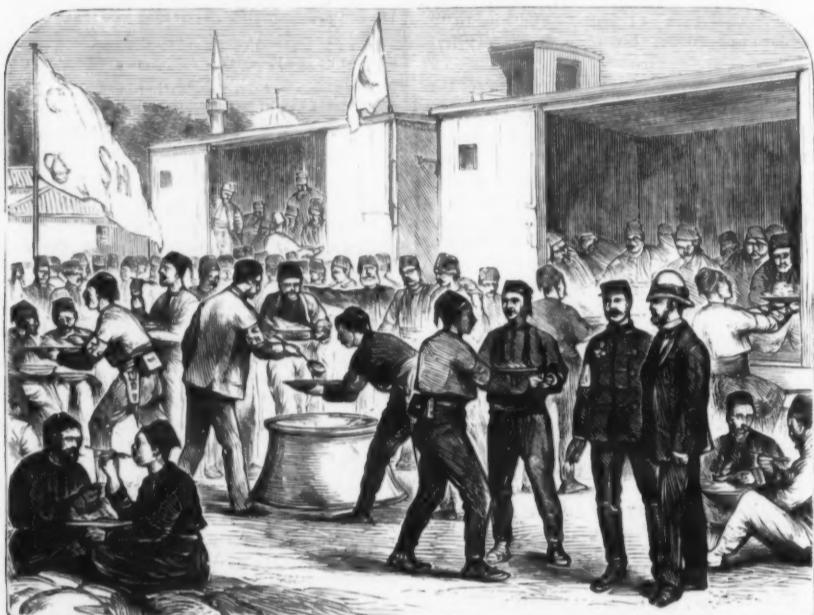
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 391.



BULGARIA.—THE RUSSIANS, UNDER GENERAL GOURKO, CROSSING THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS.



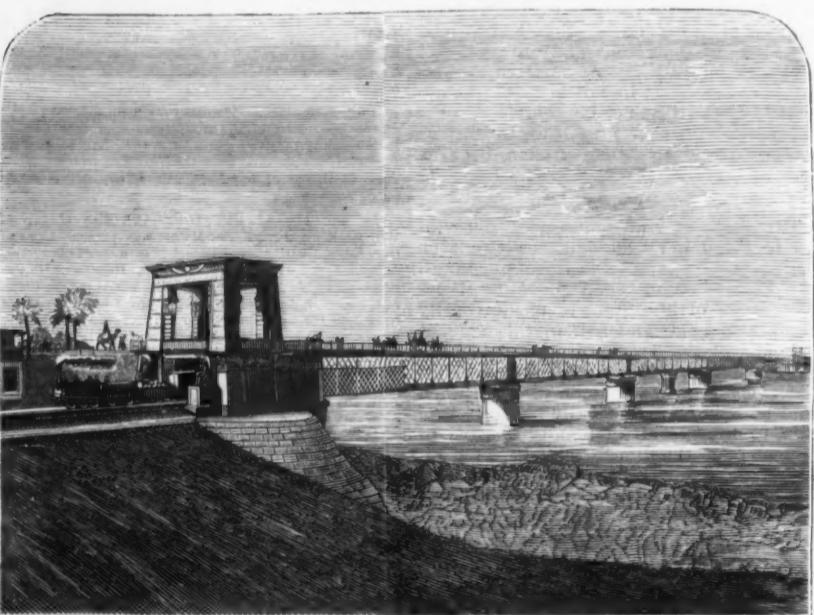
BULGARIA.—RUSSIAN TROOPS, UNDER GENERAL GOURKO, SKIRMISHING NEAR BABA KONAK PASS.



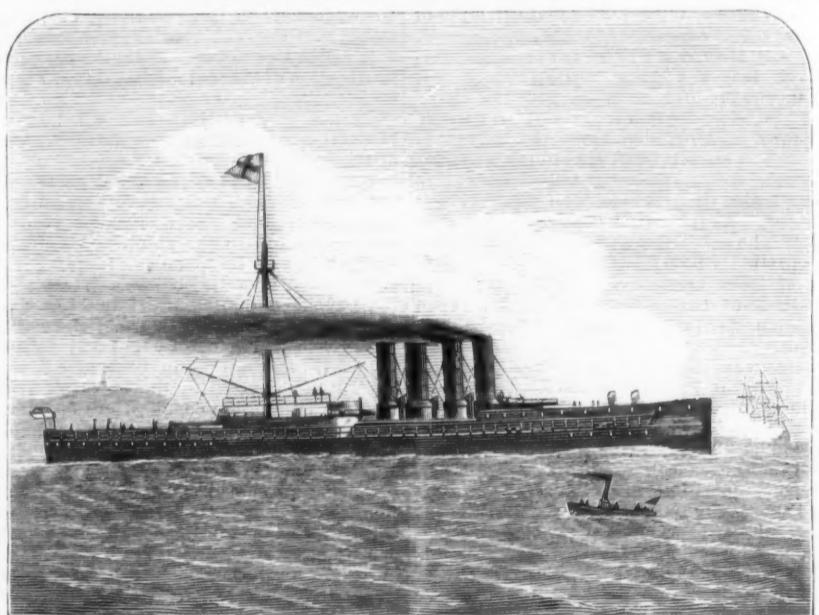
TURKEY.—THE BRITISH RELIEF COMMITTEE FEEDING WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



TURKEY.—RUSSIAN ARTILLERY TURNING A DIFFICULT CORNER IN CROSSING THE BALKANS.



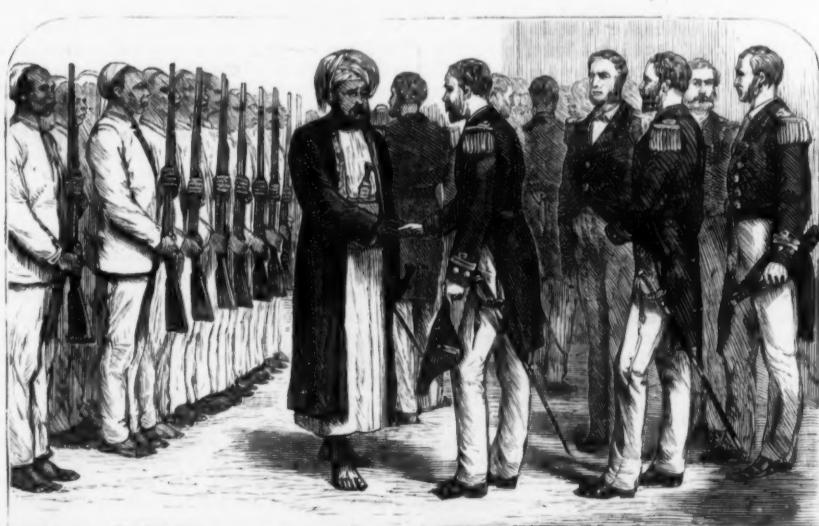
EGYPT.—PROPOSED IRON BRIDGE ACROSS THE NILE AT MANSURAH.



GERMANY.—THE NEW IRONCLAD STEAMER "SACHSEN."



WALLACHIA.—TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA INTO BUCHAREST.



AFRICA.—RECEPTION OF BRITISH NAVAL OFFICERS BY THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.



THE DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVEL—WEARY PASSENGERS SETTLING FOR THE NIGHT.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

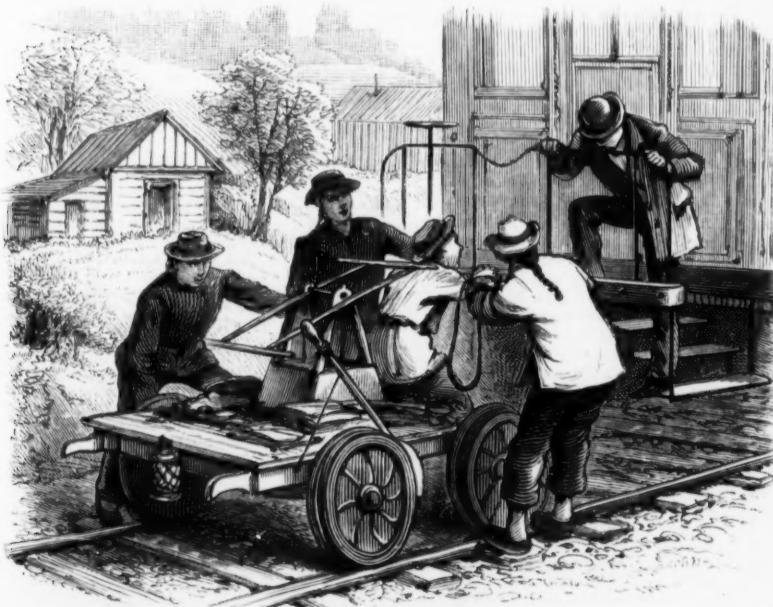
THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

SIDE-SCENES ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

FROM our Pullman hotel-car, the last in the long train, to the way-car which follows closely on the engine, there is a vast discount in the scale of comfort, embracing as many steps as there are conveyances. It is worth one's while to make a tour of the train for the sake of observing these differences and noting the manners and customs of traveling humanity, when tired bodies and annoyed brains (there are plenty such even on the overland trip) have agreed to cast aside ceremony and the social amenities and appear in easy undress. The old assertion that man is at bottom a savage animal finds confirmation strong in a sleeping-car; and as for the women—even under dear little five-and-three-quarter kids, the claws will out upon these occasions. For here, at 9 P. M., in the drawing-room sleeper, we find a cheerful musical party howling, "Hold the Fort!" around the parlor organ, which forms its central decoration; three strong, healthy children running races up and down the aisle, and scouring each other with their parents' shawl-straps; a consumptive invalid, bent double in a paroxysm

of coughing; four parties, invisible, but palpable to the touch, wrestling in the agonies of the toilet behind the closely buttoned curtains of their sections, and trampling on the toes of passers-by as they struggle with opposing draperies; a mother engaged in personal combat (also behind the curtains) with her child in the upper berth, and two young lovers, dead to all the world, exchanging public endearments in a remote corner. Who could bear these things with perfect equanimity? Who could accept with smiles the company of six adults at the combing and washing stages of one's toilet? Who could rise in the society, and under the close personal scrutiny, of twenty-nine fellow-beings, jostle them in their seats all day, eat in their presence, take naps under their very eyes, lie down among them, and sleep—or try to sleep—within acute and agonized hearing of their faintest snores, without being ready to charge one's soul with twenty-nine distinct homicides?

But if the "drawing-room sleeper" be a place of trial to fastidious nerves, what is left to say of the ordinary passenger-car, wherein the working-men and working-women—the miners, the gold-seekers, the trappers and hunters traveling from one station to another, and the queer backwoods folk who have left their log homesteads in Wisconsin and Michigan and Illinois to cross the trail of the sunset—do congregate, and are all packed like



CHINESE RAILROAD LABORERS GETTING A TOW.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION.—SIDE-SCENES OF TRAVEL ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

carlines in a box? It is a pathetic thing to see their nightly contrivances and poor shifts at comfort; the vain attempts to improvise out of their two or three feet of space a comfortable sleeping-place for some sick girl or feeble old person, and the weary, endless labor of the mothers to pacify or amuse their fretted children. Here and there some fortunate party of two or three will have full sway over a whole section—two seats, that is to say—and there will be space for one of them to stretch his or her limbs in the horizontal posture and rest luxuriously; but, for the most part, every seat has its occupant, by night as well as day, a congregation of aching spines and cramped limbs. The overland journey is no fairy tale to those who read it from a way car!

We climb into the baggage-car sometimes to admire the orderly piles of trunks and valises and boxes, to peep at the queer little corner fitted up as an armory, with its grated door and assemblage of deadly weapons held always in readiness for a possible attack upon that store-house of many treasures; or we find a turtive glance at some pretty girl who has been seized with an unconquerable desire to explore her trunk, and who—under close surveillance of the baggage-master, who is no respecter of persons—is turning over the trays to rummage out a handkerchief or a clean collar, or perhaps a hat in place of the one a gust of wind just now sent whirling over the Plains into some Piute lodge.

Among the "side-scene" sketches which our artists scratch down by the way, the Chinese road-menders come in; we find a constant amusement in watching them along the route from Echo Cañon to Reno, where whole groups of them dot the roadside, bare-legged, ragged, dressed in a sort of hybrid mixture of Chinese and Caucasian styles, with their pig-tails twisted up out of the way, and their great straw platter hats tied under their chins. They are by no means the smooth, immaculate well-shaven pictures of neatness which greet our eyes in the dining-saloons—on the contrary, they are evidently of the lowest caste of Chinamen, with stupid, half-brutal faces, and dirty and unkempt—though still, in these respects, falling far enough short of the Irish or German laborer. They work diligently as beavers along the route, traveling from point to point with their tools on a little hand-car, which they sometimes hitch fast to our train, and then we, on the rear platform, find an ever-fresh delight in looking down upon them, laughing, and pelting them with "pigeon English," to which they scorn a response, but sit cackling among themselves in their own queer chopped-up language, replete, probably, with opprobrious epithets for the "white devils."

THE MAISON BLANCHE.

A FAIR PATRIOT'S LUCKY MISTAKE.

"*A* HA, la *Maison Blanche!*" cried Von Hanmer, that stout Bavarian ritter, a visitor to my studio one hot Summer's day. He was turning over the leaves of a sketch-book filled with odd bits picked up lately in Normandy, and had come upon the sketch of a curious old house overlooking the Seine. A house that was a connecting-link between the medieval fortalice and the modern dwelling; high-grated windows, strong portals, and flanking projections, pierced with loopholes—an aspect gaunt yet picturesque. "La *Maison Blanche*—well I recall the spot, for there I met with an ever-to-be-remembered adventure, that even yet brings back a shudder. A shudder would be pleasant, you say, this broiling weather; well, you shall have it, if I have any skill to tell the story." Von Hanmer twisted his long flaxen mustache and began:

It was Christmastide, 1870. I was then a lieutenant of cavalry, my regiment attached to the corps of General von Bentheim, occupying Rouen and part of Normandy. We were on outpost duty, and dreary enough we found it. The weather was execrable; it snowed, blew, rained, thawed, and froze, all at once, or at insignificant intervals; we had every variety of discomfort in the twenty-four hours. The country about was infested by wandering bands of francs-tireurs, who kept us always on the alert. These men had no regard for the established usages of warfare; they would pick off sentries, wantonly attack outposts, lay cunning ambuses for detached parties—ah! how we hated them! Yet, from their standpoint, no doubt these were patriots and heroes, but in our regards they were so many brigands, to be dealt with as such. If we were fired at from a house, the house was burnt, and any men found in it were shot. *Ach himmel!* what would you have? We don't make war with violet powder and pop-guns.

One Winter's afternoon, I was ordered all of a sudden to take a detachment of my dragoons, and accompany a certain army purveyor to bring in a quantity of hay, reported to be lying at a farm a mile or so beyond our lines; a hateful kind of duty, for which I was singled out on account of my knowing well the language of the country. I rode out grumbling to myself, but was a little pacified on learning that the duty would be soon over, the hay being already packed and the farmer being quite willing to be requisitioned, for our acknowledgments were sure to be honored, while those of his countrymen were more doubtful; only he required for his own safety that a certain constraint should be put upon him.

Arrived at the farm, we found the hay packed in readiness in two immense carts. You remember the huge Norman hay-carts, with shafts like the masts of a big ship, and a load above that seems to touch the clouds, but so nicely balanced as almost to stand alone on the two enormous wheels. An ordinary wagon I could have managed well enough by dismounting half-a-dozen men, and hitching on their horses by rope traces; but these carts were a more serious affair; they required a steady shaft-horse, for a hitch or a prance at the wrong place, and heaven knows which end will be uppermost. None of our troopers could be trusted; the farmer himself had not one.

Presently it was whispered in my ear that a certain farmer who lived at the "Maison Blanche," not half a mile below, was the happy possessor of two excellent cart-horses. There was no time to lose, dusk was coming on, and the country was not particularly safe for us Germans. I took at once four men, and rode down to the place indicated.

The track was steep and rugged, but it brought us safely out just below the *Maison Blanche*. I

well remember the weird, solemn look of the place, as it stood out against the sullen glow in the evening sky, a kind of unearthly gloom and shadow upon it. I shivered involuntarily as we rode through the gateway, and sombre twilight fell upon us suddenly. The clatter of our entrance brought out the farmer and his daughter. A fine-looking girl she was, with a clear-cut, rather classic profile—just the kind of girl you would have fancied capable of self-sacrifice and devotion. She looked scared enough now, white, and all of a tremble, replying to my questions; the rough, sullen-looking man—her father—pretending not to understand my French. They had no horses here, no, not one; monsieur might search for himself everywhere, the stables were open to him, and the whole house! She ran on volubly, a kind of forced smile on her face, her eyes full of anxiety and terror.

The stables were empty, sure enough; I had been misinformed, it seemed. With a strange sense of relief at getting clear of the *Maison Blanche* I gave my bridle-rein a shake, when my horse, after arching his neck and sniffing the air, began to neigh lustily. And from the very bowels of the earth, as it seemed, I heard a reply, faint and muffled, and yet strangely near, as if from the ground beneath our feet.

"It is the echo," cried Augustine, in answer to my look of awakened suspicion. "Ah! yes, the echo. Monsieur admires it, no doubt, coming from the river; you should hear it when the huntsman of Monsieur—"

"*Ach Gott!* it is no echo, that! You have hidden your horses somewhere. Come; you have ample cellars under here, no doubt. Show them to me."

Her face was like death, only her eyes blazing forth full of anguish. But she answered volubly still.

"Cellars? They had no cellars. What should a poor farmer want with cellars? If there had ever been such in times long ago, they must have been blocked up ages since."

At a sign a couple of men dismounted, and began to search the house for the entrance to the cellars. In a few minutes they returned to report that they could discover no such opening. In the meantime I had employed my eyes. At the side of the house next to me was a slender square shaft flanking it, and pierced for musketry. Such a flanking tower would scarcely have existed unless there had been an entrance to protect; but there was no sign of one. But I could not see the whole wall for a pile of fagots piled up against the lower end.

"Clear away that heap of sticks!" The men set to work with a will. Before half the wood had been removed there appeared the lintel of a half-sunken doorway. In a trice the rest of the stack had disappeared, and an ancient stone portal was brought to light, closed by a massive grated door strongly bound with iron. A well-directed blow from a big stone knocked the rickety lock to pieces, and I entered.

It was a hall, low but well-proportioned, partly hewn out of the chalk rock, roofed with huge transverse beams of solid oak blackened with age. Huge hogheads, twenty or thirty, stood about on end, and one or two were mounted on good stone rests. In one corner was an extemporized stable, where two sleek mares of a lovely mottled gray were munching their provender. They were favorites, evidently, and well-cared for; hence, no doubt, the pains taken to conceal them. Gayly I marched off the horses, and turned to reassure the fair Augustine. I started to find her just behind me. No longer in grief and distress, but with anger and defiance sparkling in her eyes, and she chanted out in loud clear voice, that had the ring of a trumpet-call in it: "Levez-vous, soldats! soldats, levez-vous! Il n'y a que cinq dans la maison."

Instantly the cider hogheads were turned over with a loud crash, and some five-and-twenty wild, fierce-looking men confronted me, rage of old uniforms and tatters of all kinds hanging about them; but each with a brilliantly-polished chassepot in his hands. The leader of the band, a tall, comely youth, sprang at me, making a lunge with his bayonet. I fired my pistol in his face, then a volley flashed forth from the cellar, and sudden darkness came crushing in upon me.

I came to life in a terrible pain and torture, surrounded by perfect darkness, and for a long while I scarcely knew whether the torments I endured were of this world or of some other, and I had the dreadful feeling that this agony would go on for ever. Ages seemed to pass—in reality, I suppose, only a few hours—and then a gleam of blessed daylight gleamed in through a loophole and fell upon a crucifix that was affixed to the wall in the further corner. Daylight, feeble though it was, brought me back reason and fortitude. Where was I—and why was I there?

I was lying in this cellar desperately wounded, probably to my death; and there were others with me, sharers of this cold, earthy couch—four others, lying stiff and stark, the men of my own regiment, my own men, whom I had led to the shambles.

There was still another body lying a little apart, and I recognized it as the young leader at whom I had fired. There was a grim satisfaction in that. But one for five!

The hours went on, and I lay still in a comatose state, as if dead. I thought in a dreamy way of my mother and the girl I loved at home—how they would wait and watch for me in vain. I had no hope of getting out of this place, for I thought that I was dying. Then came fever and torments of thirst. If I could only gain one full draught of water I would willingly die in drinking it. Then I saw with delirious joy that there was a well a few yards from me—the ancient water-supply of the stronghold, no doubt. The mouth of the well was cut in a huge stone. A pulley hung above from the rafters, and a few yards of rusty chain, but there was no bucket. And had there been, I was without strength to use it. But I dragged myself to the margin, in the wild hope of finding a crevice or cranny with water in it. There was nothing of the kind. A piece of mortar loosened, fell in, and after a long while

tinkled faintly in the water down below. The splashing of the water aggravated the torture of thirst. I looked over the edge and down into the well. How terribly deep it was! I would leave it, lest I should be tempted to throw myself to the bottom. I was about to lay myself beside the comrade nearest to me, when some instinct or the warning of some beneficent power sent me crawling back to my old place at the furthest side from the well. On my way I found that I was wounded in the foot as well as the head.

A bullet had struck my foot near the heel, tearing away a great piece of my boot, and leaving the spur dangling by a filament. The boot gave horrible torture to the swollen member. I tried to get it off, but fainted from pain in the attempt.

Reviving, I became a prey to sad thoughts. Oh, that it had been given me to die, sword in hand, on the field of battle, in some of the glorious encounters of the war! Then with what honor would my name have been inscribed on the family pedigree, my battered sword would have hung in my father's hall, and the children of the race would talk with pride of Uncle Ulrich, the brave ritter, who had died in battle with the French. But to be missing, never accounted for—a taint of suspicion, perhaps, clouding my name!

Time went on, and I heard a slight movement above. A concealed trap in the roof was opened, and two people descended—the farmer and his daughter Augustine. I first felt a thrill of joy at the thought of human help and succor. Then I remembered that my life would be to one of them, at least, a sentence of death. If the farmer found me alive, he must kill me. There was no other way of safety. I was an enemy, too—an invader. I should have done it myself in his place. So I lay perfectly still.

The girl was sobbing and weeping bitterly, while her father only replied to her in reproaches and complaints.

It was her folly, he was saying, that had brought the francs-tireurs to the house. She must needs take up with that vaupien captain of vagabonds, when she might have had his good friend Pierre, who, if he had fifty years, was worth a thousand francs for every year. And to hide them in his house, to bring down destruction upon them! And now they had gone off with his two beautiful horses, as well as with those of the accused Prussians.

"How was I to know?" asked Augustine, tearfully. "Did not Jean come open-mouthed with the news that the whole army was upon us, and then I saw the helmets gleaming over the hill. Have you no feeling for the brave who risk their lives for their country? Ah, Léon, my brave Léon, my cherished one!"

Augustine threw herself upon the body of the franc-tireur, and called upon him with many moving, tender words, to speak to her, to give her one kiss. And would you believe it, her grief was rather a joy to me? I thought of my dead comrades, and my heart was hardened; for, somehow, the girl's sorrow seemed to partly satisfy the great desire in my heart for revenge.

The farmer did not leave his daughter long to her grief. He called her to him, and they took their stand by the body furthest from me. I watched them through half-closed eyes. What were they going to do? *Liebe Gott!* they were going to throw us all into the well!

"Are you sure he is dead, father?" said Augustine, as she raised her dreadful burden, "his limbs are quite supple."

"Dead or alive, in he goes," cried the farmer.

Dull reverberations succeeded, and a final sudden splash. Ah, it was deep, that well; deep down into the bowels of the earth! And I should soon take the sickening leap, with the horrid bed of death at the bottom; there to lie immured fathoms deep, out of human ken for all eternity.

All of a sudden, a bell resounded through the house, audible even here, and I thought I could make out the muffled tramp of horses and men. The two paused over their task, and looked at each other, a dull horror in their faces.

"We must not be found here," whispered the farmer, "come along, quick, Augustine; we will come back and finish presently."

They hurried away and through the trap-door. And now I felt the least glimpse of hope. It might be that a party of my own regiment had come in search of the missing. It might be they who were tramping about overhead. Had I strength to raise my voice and give the alarm? Alas, no! I sank back exhausted, my loudest shout only a faint whisper.

The noise above ceased, and once more the trap opened, and Augustine and her father came down. The latter was almost in good spirits. He chuckled over the late visit of the Prussians. They had searched the house hastily just now, but had never found the entrance to the cellars, and had ridden off in violent haste, misled by some false information. But they were all coming back to dine at the *Maison Blanche*, forty of them, and the farmer was bade to prepare his best. There was plenty of time before them, but let them hasten.

They went to work in eager haste. Two more bodies were disposed of, and now it was my turn.

Just then the Angelus rang out from the village church hard by, and Augustine and her father turned away, and threw themselves on their knees before the crucifix in the distant corner.

The extremity of my danger inspired me with an idea. The body of the franc-tireur lay a few yards away; in height and size we did not differ much. His overcoat was loosely knotted by the arms round the neck. I could not walk, but I could crawl; I dragged myself towards the body, divested it of the coat, and rolled it over me to the place I had just occupied. Absorbed in their devotions, the two saw or heard nothing.

When they came back, they seized the body that represented mine, and with averted faces carried it to the pit and threw it in.

"Now for the last one," muttered the farmer. "No, not Léon, no, no!" cried Augustine, "never; he shall lie in the daylight in the cemetery, the offices read over him."

"Then be the death and ruin of your father for a lover who's dead and worthless!"

Augustine succumbed to this. She only stipulated that afterwards the body should be recovered and buried properly. Her father assented to this, and they approached. As Augustine knelt down to print a last kiss upon her lover's brow, I gave a low groan, and stirred a little.

"He lives! he lives!" cried Augustine. "Mort dieu, he lives! My prayers have brought him back. Holy mother, I thank thee."

"Here is more trouble," muttered the father. "If they find him here, we are all lost."

Augustine had flown away, and returned next moment with a flask of cognac, with which she moistened my lips. At that I gave fresh signs of life. It is wonderful that she did not discover the deception, but the light was dim, and my face disfigured by its wounds out of all knowledge. Then she went away again for a pillow and coverlid with a sponge and hot water to bathe my wounds. All sorts of kind cares she lavished on me, I looking forward every moment to discovery and death. If either of them once noticed my spurs of silver, and of a pattern peculiar to our regiment, surely I was undone.

Once more I heard the clank and clatter of troopers. My own regiment were riding up, and I could not stir hand or foot.

At the sound Augustine made ready to depart, after whispering a few words into my ear. I was to fear nothing; at nightfall a boat would be under the bank manned by some of my own men, the brave francs-tireurs. And then she wrapped me warmly up, commanding me to the care of the bon Dieu, tears, and prayers, and ejaculations mingled together. Finding me now chilled and deathly she took the soft, warm covering from her bosom and tied it about me.

As she leant over me for a parting embrace my spur became entangled in her skirt. I thought it was all over with me, but no, the fastening gave way. It was the broken spur, and when she left me it still clung to her skirt—a fatal burden, for the sight of it would give the lie to the story she had told the troopers. I had almost raised a cry to warn her, for her kiss was yet warm on my cheek, and her loving words, if not meant for me, were out of a good, loving heart. But it was my only chance for life, a message to my comrades more eloquent than written words. I followed with anxious eyes her retreating from. The silver spur—I could see the gleam of it—clung still to her dress. Her good angel and mine fought for it on the stairs, but mine conquered.

A few minutes after the trap had closed behind her I heard overhead a tremendous uproar, cupboard moved, furniture thrown down, loud German oaths and shrill French expostulations; and this lasted till the trap was thrown open with a bang, and my own dragoons came clattering down.

Saved only for the doctors, it seemed, for I was in hospital for three months afterwards, and then there was peace. But I never shall forget the cry of that girl when she found that it was not her lover, but his slayer, that she had saved from the pit. And yet it was just that saved their lives—the evidence that I had been tended and taken care of. For I would not open my lips about the well. When I told our hauptmann the story long afterwards he vowed that had he known he would not have left one stone standing on another of that old house; which would have been a pity, for it is worth preserving—that old *Maison Blanche*.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

THE MARRIAGE OF KING ALFONSO XII. TO THE PRINCESS MERCEDES.

(Continued from page 392.)

There were also present the Count de Valbom, the Portuguese Minister at Madrid; the Diplomatic Corps, in full uniform; the Senators and Deputies of the Cortes; a great number of military officers of the highest rank, in the dazzling uniforms of the Spanish army; the highest judicial authorities of the realm, and a crowd of the nobility.

The scene was especially brilliant when the royal party and the guests passed out to repair in grand procession to the Real Palace. The splendid cortége passed through the Paseo de Atocha, by the Botanic Gardens, the Prado, the Calle de Alcalá, the Puerta del Sol, and the Calle Mayor, to the magnificent Palace of the Spanish Kings, glittering like a snow edifice in the sunlight. There took place a review of the garrison of Madrid and a march-past, the King standing to salute his army at the window from which, twenty-one years ago, poor Don Francisco de Assis displayed him as a little child to the crowd of Madridinos, chaffing and impudent, in the plaza below. The processional effects of the day closed at ten o'clock at night with a splendid torch-light retreat, made up of six hundred musicians, four hundred singers and two thousand soldiers bearing torches.

KING ALFONSO XII., AND HIS QUEEN.

King Alfonso was born in Madrid, November 28th 1857. He was baptized Alphonse François d'Assis Ferdinand Pie Jean Marie de la Concepcion Gregoire. His Holiness the Pope was one of the sponsors (by proxy), and honored Isabella and her family by permitting the infant to have his own name, Jean Marie. The young prince followed his mother into exile on her expulsion from the throne in September, 1868, and continued to reside with her alternately in Paris and Geneva until within a recent period. In March, 1870, the prince went to Rome to receive the promised Sacrament of the Eucharist at the august hands of his venerable father and protector, as his mother

head of the House of Hohenzollern, Emperor William of Germany, with the object of seating a young prince of the family on the throne. Answer was made by the Emperor that he would not interfere in the governmental affairs of Spain, but would leave the decision of the question to the voice of the people. This negotiation gave rise to the protest of France against the accession of a prince of the Hohenzollern family to the Spanish sovereignty, which subsequently led to the war with Germany.

On the failure of the project to procure a king German by blood, the Cortes formally invited Prince Amadeus of Savoy to assume the government, and on the 16th of November elected him King of Spain. On the 4th of December the deed of acceptance was signed on behalf of the Spanish people and the royal House of Savoy. Immediately after, the ex-Queen issued another manifesto, from Geneva, in which she formally protested against the election of Amadeus, and his acceptance of the crown.

Amadeus remained on the throne until February 1873, renouncing the crown for himself, his children, and his successors in a letter to the Cortes, dated the 11th. On the same day the Republic was proclaimed, and shortly after, Don Carlos took the field, proclaimed himself King of Spain, and entered upon the stubborn war in the northern provinces.

Meanwhile the Prince of the Asturias was quietly pursuing his studies under his mother's eye, his tutors being priests and courtiers, who were wholly committed to the principles of the Bourbon family. In October, 1873, Alfonso was granted the permission of the British Government to become a student in the Military College at Sandhurst. On the 22d of December of that year, in reply to an address from some grandees who had sent him their congratulations, the Prince said that the monarchy alone could terminate the disorders and uncertainty which prevail in Spain; and further declared that a majority of the people of Spain were agreed and have declared their opinion that he only was "the rightful representative of the Spanish monarchy." On December 31st, General Martinez-Campos, then in command of the Army of the North, and now in Cuba, proclaimed the Prince King of Spain, under the title of Alfonso XII. This action was well received throughout the country, and the Prince immediately left England for Madrid, and assumed royal authority.

His accession to the throne was due to the goodwill of Marshal Serrano, who succeeded Castellar as Chief Executive, and had held power nearly two years, when, with his concurrence, the military leaders proclaimed Alfonso King. Alfonso, then a boy of seventeen, acquired general favor by his graceful and manly bearing. He left the direction of public affairs in the hands of Canovas del Castillo, who has been his guide and political preceptor. In a few months from his accession the Carlist revolt was suppressed, and steps were taken to restore constitutional government throughout the land.

Much opposition was manifested toward the King when it was announced that he designed marrying his cousin, the Princess Mercedes. Not only his mother, the ex-Queen Isabella, but a powerful party affiliating with her, endeavored by every means to prevent the union, even going to the extremity of beseeching the Pope to forbid the nuptials. All these efforts, however, proved futile. The Pope sent his blessing and a diamond rose to the bride. The King announced that, while he would leave all state and political matters to his constitutional advisers, he would suffer no interference whatever in his matrimonial intentions.

The Princess Mercedes is one of the most graceful personages who could occupy a throne. She is the third daughter of Antoine d'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier, and the Princess Louise, a younger sister of the ex-Queen Isabella. She is in her eighteenth year, and very handsome. Her dark and animated features—which are quite of an Andalusian cast—are displayed to the greatest advantage under the mantilla. She is not particularly tall, and her *embonpoint* is unmistakably Spanish; but she has that lively, bright manner which a Parisian education gives a girl. She dresses very simple as a rule, and her *entourage* say she is very intelligent. When she staid in Seville last Winter and during her short visit to Madrid, she pleased every one who knew her. The sternest intriguants could not find it in his revolutionary heart to frown on the beautiful girl who seemed, as they say in Spain, a very "daughter of the Guadaluver." It required all the invertebrate sourness of those constitutional grumblers of the Sagasta party to find fault with the King's choice.

The Duke, her father, followed a military career, and served in the Algerian campaign. In October, 1846, he was married to the Princess Louise, whose sister was then Queen of Spain. The marriage was promoted by King Louis Philippe, who cherished hopes that it would render French influence dominant in Spain. The Duke went into exile with the Orleans family in 1848, and took up his residence in Seville. He became imminent to Queen Isabella, and in July, 1868, during the political strife which preceded her overthrow, he was forced into exile. Before leaving Spain he resigned his grade of Captain-General in the army, renounced the title of Infant of Spain, and returned to the Queen the decorations she had given him. When the revolution triumphed the Duke recognized the Provisional Government, and was allowed to return. He was spoken of as a candidate for the Spanish Throne, but never enlisted much support.

THE CELEBRATION IN WASHINGTON OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THE fete, commemorative of the marriage of King Alfonso to the Princess Mercedes, given by the Spanish Minister and wife on the evening of January 23d, was the most brilliant social event of the season at the national capital. Over six hundred invitations were issued. The reception took place at Wormley's, where Señor Mantilla occupies seven of the largest rooms, and the apartments devoted to the guests were four very large communicating parlors, which can be opened as one grand saloon. These were upholstered and fitted up with the choice works of art which belong to the Minister. The first parlor has four large mirrors and many fine paintings and bronzes. A side-door which was not opened was concealed by curtains of tapestry purchased at the Centennial. The large bay-window was arranged as a bower. There was a long mirror against the window surrounded by flowers—the recess, in fact, was a garden of bloom. A bronze statue on a dark marble pedestal stood in front of the mirror, holding a jet of gas with three globes, which reflected all passing objects in the mirror and gave the effect of great space. The mantels were covered with moss, upon which lay variously colored japonicas, roses and lilies. Upon the hearths rested blooming plants. One side of the doorway was

banked with evergreens, studded with japonicas and roses. In the corners of each room were pedestals, covered with red, upon which rested tubs of orange-trees, laden with the ripe fruit. The doors were taken away and the arches garlanded with myrtle and smilax, interspersed with flowers. Nothing could exceed the elaborate decorations or lavishness with which flowers were used.

The banquet was spread in the fourth room. The table was laid on three sides of the room, only leaving sufficient space between it and the walls for the waiters to pass to and fro and hand such refreshments as were called for. Three large mirrors were hung at the back of the central table, which reflected the brilliant company and many wax-lights, besides the burners in the crystal chandeliers. In the centre of the table was a mound made of box, and nestling amid the green foliage were clusters of tempting grapes, California pears, oranges, apples and bananas. These were artistically grouped and arranged. Upon the top of this mound was an immense silver candelabrum with wax candles. In the middle was a cut-glass bowl filled with flowers; glass vases on either side also held flowers. At equal distances apart were stands covered with box supporting silver candelabra and bowls filled with bon-bons. The menu comprised every dainty, served in the highest style of art.

The entire diplomatic corps appeared in court costume. The General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy, each with his official staff in full uniform and accompanied by ladies, cabinet officers, senators, representatives, and a galaxy of men and women distinguished in private and social life, thronged the spacious apartments. The absence of President and Mrs. Hayes was noted; and an explanation was given to the effect that the former could not regard his attendance as an act of propriety as, if he accepted such an invitation he would be compelled to accept all, and emergencies might arise in which the presence of the Chief Executive would be unpleasantly criticized.

The Minister and his wife stood at the first door of the reception-room, cordially grasping the hand of each guest as he entered. Mr. Mantilla's court-dress consisted of black cloth trowsers with gold embroidery down the sides, white cloth vest edged with gold and fastened with gold buttons, black coat with collar and cuffs of red, covered with gold embroidery, and a broad, heavily ribbed striped ribbon over the shoulder, supporting several Orders. Mme. Mantilla wore a long, full trained dress of white satin, the front covered with a network of pearls. The corsage was low and square, with bretelles passing over the bosom and shoulders down to the waist of the basque, where they terminated in two lappets finished with pearls and tassels. The sash ends on the train were finished in the same manner. Upon her dark hair rested a bandoleer of red velvet, which supported a diadem of diamonds. There are hundreds of diamonds in this coronet, which was fastened to the back of the head by strands of pearls. Close around the throat was a band of red velvet, studded alternately with a solitaire pearl and diamond. Falling on the beautiful neck were three strands of pearls, with a pendant composed of a priceless, pearl-shaped pearl and immense diamonds. The pin which fastened this ornament to the corsage was also of diamonds. The earrings and bracelets were of dazzling lustre.

A band of music was stationed in one of the apartments, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. Guests were coming and going until the hour of midnight.

Montenegrin Marching.

In a recently published account of the Montenegrin army some details are given of extraordinary marches which have been made by its soldiers during the present war with Turkey. Before the battle of Butachidol the force engaged had marched for fourteen hours across country, over hill and dale, having, moreover, been previously under arms for six hours. On this occasion the men had not a mouthful of food from daybreak until midnight; the day was intensely hot, the country traversed was mountainous and difficult, and yet not a man was left behind. When marching from place to place, the Montenegrins never follow the roads, but move straight across country. Although heavily laden, the men easily climb the steepest rocks or descend the most precipitous slopes. Besides their weapons they carry invariably a "torba" and a "strukta." Their arms consist usually of a rifle, a cutlass and a revolver, or brace of pistols. The "torba," or bread bag, contains generally an enormous loaf of bread, biscuit, a flask and a reserve of cartridges. The ammunition for immediate use, as well as money and any other small articles, are carried in the belt. The "strukta" is a large, heavy plaid, which serves as a cloak, a rug, or a covering. When it rains, and the army is halted, the soldier wraps up his head in his "strukta," rolls it round his body, puts his gun in its leather case and lies down and sleeps, heedless of the weather.

Ancient Greek Ballots.

A WRITER in the Boston *Advertiser* says: Like most students of Greek, I have frequently been asked about the Greek ballots, but hitherto I have never been able to give a satisfactory explanation of them. A few days ago, however, I was fortunate enough to have four of them in my hand—genuine ballots, corresponding exactly to the description given of them by the Scholiast to *Æschines*, and having engraved on them the large clear letters of the Greek words signifying public ballots. As no description of these has, so far as I know, ever appeared in English, and as the account of them in Herman's "Lehrbuch der Griechischen Antiquitäten" is incorrect, I shall tell you what they are like. They look for all the world like bronze whirligigs. They consist of a disk about two inches in diameter, with an axle in the middle projecting about three-quarters of an inch on each side. Those which represent the negative have the axle perforated, so that a pretty thick knitting-needle might be passed through it; those which represent the positive have the axle solid. The ballot-box evidently had an opening, shaped like a cross, and each voter had two votes given him, one bored and one unbored. These he no doubt covered with the folds of his robe, and when he came to drop them into the boxes he took hold of them by placing his thumb on one end of the axle and middle finger on the other, so that no one could tell when he dropped a positive and when a negative vote. I have used the word boxes in the plural intentionally, because each voter dropped both his votes, one into a box which represented what he voted for and the other into a box representing what he voted against, and the one was controlled by means of the other.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

General Gourko Crossing the Balkans.

Two of our foreign pictures represent the operations of General Gourko's forces in the Etropol Balkans. These operations have mainly been directed against the Baba Konak Pass, where the Turks had constructed formidable defenses. They occupied the highest peak near the summit of the pass, having been fairly driven thither by the able maneuvering of the Russians, who, by a series of cleverly conceived flank and skirmishing movements, succeeded in gaining possession of the lower ridges, where they established bivouac camps and various batteries of artillery. It was a difficult task to convey the cannon up the steep slope of the mountain; but what with some eight cattle to each gun, a hundred or more men with a tow line in front, a score or so on each wheel, and a dozen more flourishing whips and yelling at the oxen, the guns were ultimately safely dragged up the heights. All along the path might be met the little wayside bivouacs of the Cossacks, where the tired soldier might rest and get five minutes' chat and a warm at the fire, which was always to be found burning. One sketch represents some of the skirmishing by which the Russians gained their positions. The history of the combat was plainly told by the footprints in the snow, and one could follow every step of the advance of the Russians, as they drove the Turks from tree to tree upon the open summit, and could even judge accurately the state of the soldier's mind, as he dodged from tree to tree, whether he was reckless or cautious, enterprising or timid. The dead bodies in the foreground are the corpses of Turkish soldiers who have fallen in the fray, and who have been stripped by their comrades of their warm clothing, and now lie half-buried in the snow.

Feeding the Wounded in Constantinople.

The Russo-Turkish war is practically at an end, but the startling events to which it has given rise will undoubtedly furnish themes for artistic effort for some time to come. One of our pictures represents a train of four hundred and fifty Turkish soldiers who had been wounded at Plevna, being received last December at the English soup kitchen, established at Constantinople Railway Station. The poor fellows had had a long journey in ox-wagons from Plevna to Tatar Bazar-djik, and thence two days' train brought them to Constantinople. Immediately on arrival large bowls of *bouillon*, with the meat and rice, were placed inside the wagons, round which the wounded sat and eagerly devoured the contents. Each man was supplied with half a loaf of bread, a packet of cigarettes, and a cup of coffee. Those too seriously wounded to sit up were attended to by the Stafford House staff present. The Government Commissariat arrangements utterly break down under great pressure, hence the five soup-kitchens established by the Stafford House Commission along the lines of railway have done excellent service. Over 30,000 ratings as above have been distributed, and hundreds of brave men have been spared having their sufferings aggravated by hunger and exhaustion, while matresses provided by the Stafford House staff, higher up the line, enable the wounded to lie down during the journey at the bottom of the large luggage wagons in which they are conveyed.

Russian Artillery Crossing the Balkans.

The difficulties which the Russian army has encountered and gloriously overcome, in forcing a passage across the Balkan Mountains, are vividly portrayed in our picture representing a detachment of General Rauch's army dragging cannons up the steep mountain path of the Etropol Pass. A difficult corner has been reached, and the soldiers have fastened a rope to the muzzle of one of the guns to keep it from falling over the precipice.

Bridge over the Nile at Mansurah.

This bridge is to be constructed from the designs of Signor Alfredo Cotran, a well-known engineer of Naples and managing director of a large engineering establishment at Castellamare, which has erected more than one thousand metallic bridges in Italy, Spain and Turkey. It is to be built partly of stone and partly of iron, and the construction will be a combination of the suspension principle with straight girders, a method frequently adopted in America for large spaces. The two main piers are constructed of wrought iron, cast iron, and masonry, and the superstructure will be composed of two stages superimposed, the lower being intended for a railway and the upper for an ordinary roadway, with pathways for foot passengers on either side.

A New German Ironclad.

The German ironclad *Sachsen* is the first of a certain class of men-of-war intended for foreign service. It is the intention of the German Government to build three classes of ironclads. The largest of these, of which the *Sachsen* is a specimen, are to fight in foreign waters; those of the second class are to protect the coasts and fight in home waters, and the third class are for local coast defense only. The *Sachsen* has thirty-two water-tight compartments. The upper deck consists of two-inch steel plate upon which are two steel towers, the front one containing a thirty centimeter gun, and the other one four twenty-six centimeter guns. The ship is 195 feet long, 46 feet wide, and 24 feet deep. It has 2,800 horse-power.

Triumphal Entry of the Czar into Bucharest.

Soon after the fall of Plevna, the Czar started for Bucharest, *en route* for Russia. He arrived in the Roumanian capital on the 7th, and the little city was dressed in its gayest colors for the occasion, its inhabitants giving him a hearty welcome as he passed from the station to Prince Charles's palace. Bucharest, like most towns in festival attire, chiefly expressed its enthusiasm by erecting triumphal arches. The entrance to the palace was ornamented with two wooden structures, erected after the style of the *Arc de Triomphe* and the *Marble Arch*, and crowned with the portrait of the Czar surrounded with flags and evergreens. Underneath these were enumerated the various Russian victories in Asia and Bulgaria. At night all the houses were illuminated.

A Reception by the Sultan of Zanzibar.

During the first week of the New Year the officers of the British Navy whose vessels were in port at Zanzibar, paid their respects in a body, by special invitation, to the Sultan. One of the party describes the interview as follows: "The Sultan, a big man with rather a pleasant face, was plainly dressed in a turban and long black robe and sandals, with a gold-hilted sword and dagger. We were ushered through some passages lined with his celebrated Persian Guards, all armed with Martini rifles, to a long room, with a gilt throne at the end, and two rows of gilt chairs against the walls. As soon as he had taken his seat, with his five brothers on his right hand and the Consul on his left, we sat down. Presently servants brought in and set before us, on chairs, large trays full of all kinds of sweetmeats, about eight plates full for each of us; then iced sherbet was handed round—nasty stuff, tasting like hairwash. When these were cleared away coffee was brought in in beautiful little cups of painted china, each with a small gold spoon in it; last of all the servants brought round lots of roses, and put some on all our handkerchiefs. Then we got up to go, and the Sultan came and stood beside the door as we trooped out. In the hall we drew up two deep till he passed us

and stood outside, while the band struck up the National Anthem again, and the "army" presented arms, and the Sultan again shook hands with us as we passed him, smiling pleasantly. The Palace is not luxurious-looking, at least what we saw of it—whitewashed walls and bare floors; but the room we were in was full of chandeliers, with the English prices marked on them, and clocks which chimed every quarter. When they struck, the Sultan looked round to us to see if we were pleased."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE fifteen State Legislatures now in session cost \$33,000 a day.

—THE fashion in Paris for young men to send bonbon-boxes to their lady friends has subsided in these dear times.

—THE French settlers of Pelotas, Brazil, have sent a crown of silver to Paris to be deposited on the tomb of Thiers.

—THERE are in South Boston eight hundred and fifty tax-paying women, who own nearly \$5,000,000 worth of property.

—THE fashion in England is to organize parties which will make excursions to battle-fields in the East as soon as hostilities cease.

—"FATTER calf for one" was a message to his father telegraphed by a young man from Auburn, who went to Texas last Spring.

—EVERY member (one hundred and twenty) in the Lower House of the Mississippi Legislature voted in favor of Congress remonetizing silver.

—*Or late years no leases have been granted by Trinity Parish of this city that did not contain the stipulation that liquor is not to be sold on the premises.*

—A NEW LONDON man has just picked from vines growing in the open air a quart of ripe strawberries, the third crop which he has gathered during the season.

—AMERICAN rifles are now in the hands of half the armies in the world. The only great Powers not directly employing American arms are France, Germany and England.

—A SCHOOLHOUSE lot in a New Hampshire district stands in three towns, so that the pupils sit in Rindge, the teacher in New Ipswich, and recess is taken in Ashburnham, Mass.

—THE Mormons are building a magnificent temple on the summit of a high mountain in Manti, Utah. Five hundred men are at work on it, and it will not be completed for four years.

—IN Buenos Ayres the Inhambar gold mines have created quite a fever, the shares rising in one day from 40 per cent. premium to 200, falling afterward to 100. The mines are at the North of Paraguay, in the frontier range.

—IN the United States over 2,500,000 of the industrious poor have deposited \$1,377,000,000 in savings banks. Of this vast sum, over 300,000,000 is invested in United States bonds, besides what is invested in State and city bonds.

—THE annual income of the Church of England is \$36,000,000. The church has 16,000 religious edifices, including 30 cathedrals, 10,000 glebe houses, 31 Episcopal palaces, and 1,000,000 acres of land, much of it in good condition for tillage.

—THE corner-stone of the erecting shop of the engineering department in the Navy Yard at Washington, D. C., is a huge mass of metal, weighing five tons, obtained by melting down counterfeit plates and dies captured by the detectives of the Treasury Department.

—IT is proposed to redeem from sterility the great desert in the Western part of Kansas and Nebraska, by damming the Arkansas and Platte rivers, and turning the waters into the desert, forming a lake, from which water could be drawn for irrigating purposes.

—AMONG the acts of the British Parliament which took effect on January 1st, was one to secure to married women in Scotland their property and earnings. With regard to husbands, they are only to be liable for ante-nuptial debts on the property derived from their wives.

—THE historical island of St. Helena is said to be rapidly going to decay, owing to the opening of the Suez Canal, the use of steam-condensers, and the accelerated speed of vessels plying between Europe and India. There are now only 2,681 males left on the island, of whom 1,154 are children.

—PLINY states that the coffin in use among the Romans was generally of stone. In some cases it was made of a certain stone from a district in Troas, which had, or was believed to have, the peculiar faculty of destroying all the body, the teeth excepted, in forty days. Hence the name "sarcophagus," which literally means flesh-eater.

—THE latest innovation in deep-sea dredging is submarine plowing, which has been successfully carried on in Belfast (Me.) Harbor. The bottom of the bay is covered with a tenacious clayey deposit, into which the steam-shovel penetrates with difficulty, and to loosen it a large Michigan plow was set at work, drawn by steam power on shore, and guided by a man in diver's armor.

—RU

A ROYAL WEDDING.

MARRIAGE OF
KING ALFONSO XII.
TO THE
PRINCESS MERCEDES.

ON Wednesday, January 23d, sacred to devout Romanists as the day of the *Esposals* of the Blessed Virgin, whose name is borne by his bride, Alfonso XII., the young King of Spain, was married to his cousin, María de los Mercedes, at the Convent Church of the Virgin of Atocha, the special patroness of Madrid and of the Spanish royal family. The church is an unpretentious edifice at one end of the Paseo del Atocha, in the outskirts of Madrid. Its shrine is made famous by the miracle-working image of the Virgin, which some of the faithful contend was brought to Spain by St. Peter, while others hold that St. Luke carved it, and that it was discovered at Antioch by Gregory the Great. The wardrobe of the sacred image is a costly one, for to it are contributed all the dresses of the Queens of Spain who are married in that church, or who worship there on the annual feast of the Epiphany. In addition to the costly robes displayed there, the walls and arches of the edifice are hung with hundreds of tattered banners, the prizes of Spanish valor on a hundred battle-fields, from Pavia and Saint Quentin to Baylen and Tetuan. Hither one bright day in January, 1875, came the young King Alfonso XII. to offer thanks on the occasion of his accession to the throne.

For several weeks prior to the wedding, European society had been greatly exercised over the approaching event. Thousands of persons were crowded into Madrid from all parts of the Spanish monarchy, and in addition special ambassadors were present from the Governments of England, Germany, France, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium, bearing the congratulations and gifts of their several nations to the royal couple. The Pope of Rome likewise dispatched a special Apostolic Alegate, bearing a rose of diamonds to the young Queen.



ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

At daybreak on January 23d, a hundred trumpeters rode through the streets of Madrid sounding the *Diane* in the ears of the already wide-awake population. Military bands throughout the city instantly responded with the stirring *Reveille*. All Madrid had been brilliantly illuminated through the night, and on the eventful morning it was decorated throughout its limits with gorgeous floral displays. The ceremony at the church began at noon and occupied two hours. It was presided over by Cardinal Benavides of Navarrete, the Patriarch of the Indies. The royal party arrived at the church in carriages drawn by eight horses, each with outriders and running footmen, in Louis XIV. style. The young King, who has developed considerably since he first rode through the streets of Madrid in 1874, wore the uniform of a Captain-General of the Spanish army, with the collar of the Golden Fleece.

The Princess wore a splendid bridal-dress, entirely of Spanish manufacture. Her train was six metres long, of white velvet, starred with silver and fringed with heavy silver bullion. The skirt was of white satin, made in Valencia and sown with pearls. She wore a superb lace veil, which floated over her whole person and was caught here and there with brooches of diamonds of incomparable brilliancy, the gift of the Duchess of Galliera, who was made famous in Paris years ago by her romantic affection for the Princess's father, then the dashing young Duke of Montpensier.

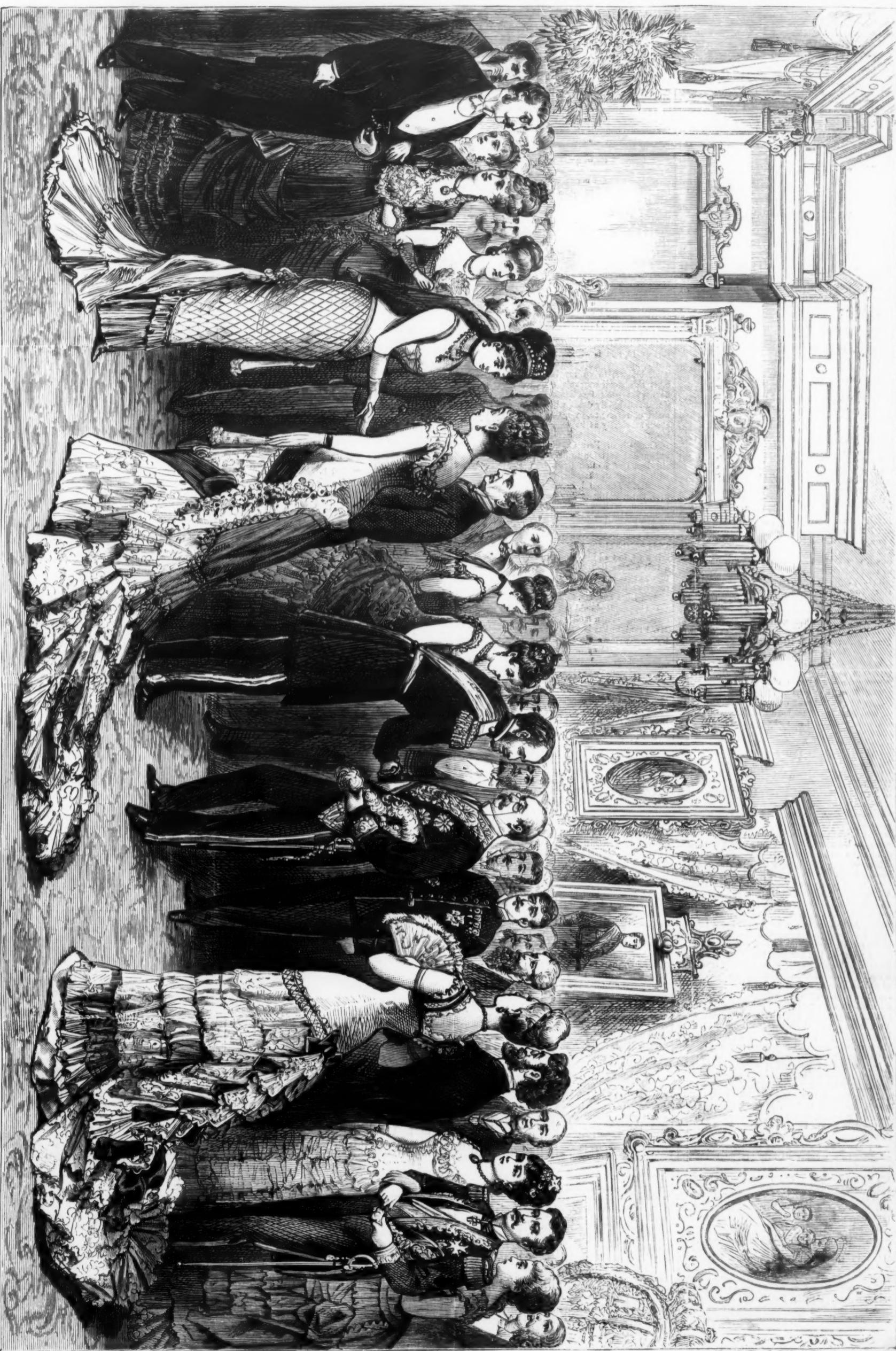
Among the guests present at the ceremony were the ex-Queen Christina, the grandmother, and the ex-King Don Francisco de Assis, the father of Alfonso XII.; the King's sister, the Princess of the Asturias, wearing the order of María Luisa; the Infanta Doña Christina, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, the Count and Countess of Paris; the Papal Alegate; the Earl of Rosslyn, special Ambassador from Queen Victoria; the special Ambassadors of France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Austria, Holland and Belgium.

(Continued on page 390.)



THE PALACIO REAL, IN MADRID, THE RESIDENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

SPAIN.—THE MARRIAGE OF KING ALFONSO XII. TO THE PRINCESS MARIA DE LOS MERCEDES, IN MADRID, JANUARY 23d.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—RECEPTION GIVEN AT THE SPANISH MINISTRY BY SENOR AND MADAME MANTILLA, ON THE EVENING OF JANUARY 23D, IN HONOR OF THE NUPTIALS OF KING ALFONSO XII AND THE PRINCESS MERCEDES.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 391.

HOME SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about,
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY."

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THIRD.

CHAPTER II.—BLIND DOT HAS HER HEART'S DESIRE.

MISS DORA DOWNES, standing with the Elephant at the sunny window of the great hall at Fern Castle, is a contented little woman. She looks very small, indeed, being clad in a very close, dark-green habit, with a dark-green hat and plume on her smoothly braided hair. Ben Burns is, as usual, discoursing on music, with a sheet of manuscript notes in his big hand; but, though Dot answers him at every pause with kindly smiles and words, her eyes wander constantly to the lawn in front of the house. There Walter Franklin is riding back and forth on a dark chestnut mare, which has a lady's saddle on its back, and which dances and curvets and rises on its hind legs—"Like a circus horse," Dot says—and assumes other graceful postures, more picturesque to a looker-on than comfortable to her rider. Walter Franklin, however, does not appear uncomfortable, but very handsome, and very determined.

"Don't be afraid," he calls out, laughing. "I'll conquer her."

He does not address Dora, but old Mrs. Burns, who stands on the stone porch with clasped hands, her gray hair streaming from the ragged black lace on her head.

Her visitors have taken her unawares to-day, and Dora has the full benefit of her wildest costume. A shabby old pink calico, with a black silk apron trimmed with very handsome lace. Over this a very ancient cashmere shawl, with crimson as its predominating tint, pinned over her breast with a gorgeous brooch of amethyst and pearl. Her long, yellow fingers protrude like eagles' talons from a pair of her son's big gloves, cut down as mittens. This is only one of the many brilliant costumes Dora has had the opportunity of admiring, for she has become a constant visitor at Fern Castle; a kindly friend to the poor red Elephant; a never-failing source of comfort to the lady of Fern Castle herself, who tells her over and over the same rambling tales—always sure of meeting the same bright look of concentrated attention from Dora's eyes. To her she has confided her happy notion that "my son" has fallen in love at last, and with the beautiful Marie. To her she also confides her many plans for bringing about the desired result.

And at rare intervals she takes her up to the closed and odorous room to see some grand improvement, and to ask, with real pride and simulated anxiety: "Will she like it all, do you think?"

Dora always quits that ghostly apartment with a curiously sad and gentle look upon her face, and when she speaks next to Big Ben Burns, however commonplace her words, there is a chord vibrating through the calmness of her tone which brings to his mind, by some strangely linked associations, a solemn requiem he once heard, at sunset, stealing faintly across the red waters of a lake in Italy.

"She is pretty well conquered now, I think," Walter says, flinging himself from the saddle, and he ties the mare—still tossing her handsome head coquettishly—to a great iron ring in the brick wall. As he does this, a tall, white horse near by rubs his long nose against Walter's sleeve and looks meekly up into his face.

"I wish you had but half her spirit, old goat," he says, pulling his ears. "Miss Dora! Oh, Miss Dora!" Dora leans from the window with a look of sudden attention, as if she had not been watching him with admiration all this while. "I am ashamed to offer you such a substitute, but don't you think you had better ride my horse home? Your mare is very skittish this morning. I have been watching her all the way, and I do not think she is quite willing yet to tolerate a skirt?"

"Oh, don't suggest such a thing!" Dora cries. "Papa would never let me mount her again, if he knew that such a good judge had pronounced her skittish. I trust Ethel implicitly. Besides," she adds, archly, yet timidly, "your neck might possibly be found to be of as much value as mine were their several merits weighed impartially."

"And, of course, we are exactly equal in strength and courage," Walter says, sarcastically.

"I am not so sure about the strength," Dora answers, in a manner slightly pert; "but I will answer for the courage"—drawing her small form up, with a flash in her eye, and, with this boast, she withdraws into the room.

Walter shrugs his shoulders, examines the bit and girth of the skittish mare with great care, then enters slowly.

Dora is speaking of Marie Beatty's last letter as he passes the threshold. She gives him a quick, suspicious glance, but he manifests no special interest in the subject. Even when Dora says, "She hopes to pay me another long visit in the Spring," he only examines the Elephant's manuscript (which is as Sanscrit to him) with the air of a connoisseur. At this, Dot's silly heart begins to beat with sudden gladness. She has been wisely cautious all this while, during the long Summer days Walter has spent at her side—during beautiful drives through the gay and sombre Autumn woods; during mad, delicious gallops at his side

across the Winter fields. But now—surely this indifference cannot be assumed!

No, little woman, it is not assumed.

Walter Franklin has not the power to love as you might some day, even if he has the will. Marie's golden hair is sunlight to his heart; her eyes are heaven's blue; her voice and touch can flush his cheek and set his pulses bounding—yet what is Marie absent? A lovely memory, faint and fleeting—a pretty picture removed, which leaves a blank, 'tis true, but not a vacuum. Another picture may be hung to hide that blank. 'Tis not as though an idol were removed from out its shrine—a birdling taken from its nest which the winds come then to break and ruin! So would the desolate winds pierce through the nest in which you cherish a bright-hued bird, if it should spread its wings, poor foolish Dot, and fly away.

Walter will not marry Dora for her money—he has told his father so in words that cannot be mistaken—and if he marries her, then it will surely be from pure affection. Yet if Marie had but half of Dora's fortune, his faith to his first love would have been something sublime! And little Dora's heart of gold might lie for ever hidden for any effort he would make to win it, did not her golden fortune make it worth his while.

Heaven forbid that I should have for my hero a base and mercenary wretch—a fortune-hunter! No, Walter B. Franklin is a gentleman—a high-minded gentleman! Is it his fault that he is not afflicted with the volcanic passions and iron fortitude common to heroes of romance? He is a modern gentleman, notwithstanding his classic style of beauty. He worships the good things of this world, and is willing to offer up to them such a trifling sacrifice as an emotion of the heart. And, besides, to do my hero justice, he cannot meet this small woman's eyes from day to day; he cannot grow familiar with her thoughts and words and kindly deeds without yielding her some need of reverence, even though he reads her soul about as clearly as he sees the mountains in the moon.

The lady of Fern Castle gives him credit for unbounded devotion to her little favorite, though Big Ben Burns often looks from one to the other with a grief-stricken air, very amusing in such a monster. The old lady wishes them every happiness, but notwithstanding her love for Dora, hugs herself the while with delight to think that it is not her, but Marie the Beautiful, her noble son has chosen for his bride.

When is it to be made public? she asks Dora, on the stairs, in a mysterious whisper. Dora crimsoned, but smiles notwithstanding, and affects a vast unconsciousness. "Young folks don't visit together in this informal style—even in the country—unless there's something in it."

And Dora answers, then, with a plaintive air:

"Ah, people should not measure me by ordinary standards. Papa makes but a poor chaperon, and Mr. Franklin has been so kind and useful! I shall try and be more circumspect in future. Believe me, there's nothing in it."

And then, in a moment, she is mounted on Ethel, and dashes off, nodding with a bright smile. Walter does not quite overtake her until she nears the river, although he implores her, as she values his friendship and her own neck, to moderate her pace, but she only looks back impudently, as though she values neither very much. So happy and almost secure does little Dora feel!

But by-and-by she gets a chill, which, no doubt, she deserves.

"Do you ever try to realize how poor folks feel, Miss Dora?" Walter asks, Dora having descended, at length, to moderate her speed. It is a question, probably neither very striking nor well-bred, but it is full of eloquence to Dora. Had it been put by any one else, her mind would have traveled to the hovels of which she has read, and of which she has formed most wild ideas, but, uttered by him, she knows exactly what it means.

Has she ever—when does she ever cease to feel his poverty, his privations, far more keenly than he feels them for himself? Ah, could he only know how gladly she would strip herself of all her wealth to make him happy! Not to buy his love—far from it! In that quiet little form there dwells a hero's soul. She would bestow her all on him—were it practicable—and never let him guess his benefactor. She could—yes, she could see him happy with her rival, and, 'mid her anguish, could thank God, without a tinge of bitterness, that he was happy. It is a curious prayer that little Dora offers up every night for him, yet it contains the genuine soul of sacrificing love. "Dear God," she prays, "make him happy with me, if I can do him good; without me if I cannot, but make him happy!" It is a prayer a child might offer. Some heroes are but children after all!

Silly Dora! How incomparably superior are such women as the beautiful Marie; who cherish their own self-respect as women should; who never feel a heartache, nor a pang; who suffer from no wild nor generous impulse; to whom love is a sentiment, and marriage but a woman's proper aim and view—a sphere in which she moves with greater dignity, and sacrifices neither will nor freedom. In their calm souls there wakes no dream as that which Dora cherishes—of, in that sphere, far nobler aims and wider fields for grand self-sacrifice—of heavenly joys and human griefs, made holy by eternal love!

"If you were rich," she asks him, shyly, forgetting his unanswered question—"oh, very rich, what would you do?"

"I should be happy as a king!" he says, with sparkling eyes; then, after a pause: "First, I should marry."

"He means Marie," she tells herself.

"I should give up this ruinous planting I once thought such a free and pleasant occupation; I would take a house in town; I would travel—but, pshaw! I can't begin to tell you what I would do. And the dreams of a poverty-stricken wretch cannot interest you, Miss Dora! But then," he adds, after a pause, in which he marks the absence of any sympathetic enthusiasm in her face, "there are worse things than poverty."

That brave, sad tone again. Truly he knows the way to women's hearts! Dora turns her gently beaming eyes upon him, as he says this.

"What are they?" she asks him, softly. He waits a moment and feels slightly confused; for, in his soul, he considers "the want of money the root of all evil!" But from his half-knowledge of the girl, he is clever enough to answer, at a venture:

"Well, want of faith in human nature is one. There are many others. The coldness or absence of those we love, for instance."

Dora is silent. She has utter and blind faith in human nature. So she cannot quite realize that ill. But she knows—ah, yes, she knows, what must be "the coldness or absence of those we love!"

"Marie," she says, again.

Dora could give up all for him; could give him up, for his own good; yet now a pang shoots through her at a bare thought.

"Quicker, Ethel," she cries, suddenly, and the chestnut mare leaps forward at her voice. On—on they flew, along the road beside the river, Ethel, far ahead, and Walter, urging on the old white horse, behind. Suddenly Ethel rears, then whirls and dashes past him madly. He becomes aware that Dora has lost all power over her skittish mare. He feels it only by instinct, for she does not even turn her head, and makes no sign of terror. She feels it, with a quickening of the breath—a great excitement, half awful, half delicious! But upright she sits, her hand tightly grasping the useless rein, and trees and sky and flashing water rushing by her like the phantoms of a dream. Bolt upright—a little statue, with but one thought in her mind: "He will save me; and if not, what does it matter?" She makes no outcry nor useless effort to check the mare, but keeps her seat, as she plunges over ditches and through brambles, with the most amazing steadiness.

Walter urges his old horse to the most frantic efforts, although he sees, after one look at that upright little form, that no immediate danger threatens her so long as she is calm enough to keep her seat, unless the mare should take a notion to dash through the denser woods.

On a sudden, however, he becomes faint with dread. Dora grows suddenly dear to his heart. There appears a low wall before him—the familiar wall that bounds the castle grounds. Light as a deer the mare vaults over this; and on, and on—Walter's old horse manages, too, to take the leap. But, beyond—ah! no wonder Walter's cheek grows white—beyond, just yonder, to the north, lies the great bluff, where, full two hundred feet below, the river darkly boils. And towards the north the mare's fleet steps are turned. Dora sees it, too. For the first time she turns her head. Walter is far behind—miles, it seems to her dizzy eyes! He grows half mad. "God help us!" he cries, aloud. As if in answer to the unconscious prayer, new life seems to enter his horse. With a heavy, but rapid, plunge he dashes forward, as if the spirit of his rider had entered into him. For one awful moment both animals pause, almost together, on the very verge of the awful gulf.

Walter mutters a curse, for, almost within reach of her horse's bridle, his own has balked in obstinate terror. Ethel stands upright, her forefeet pawing the air. Dora clings to her neck. It is like a wild picture before his eyes.

In desperation he flings himself to the ground and flies to her. All this occupies but a second.

She sees him between her and death—his god-like form within reach of her horse's pawing hoofs.

"Away!" she cries, in a voice of agony and love—"away!" Her heart is afire! With a superhuman effort she wrenches the reins and turns the mare aside. With that her courage all departs, and, with a sigh, as if her life had flown, she drops unconscious. Walter's hand is on the rein, and the mare stands like a lamb, reeking with sweat and trembling like a leaf.

"Dora! Dora!" Walter calls aloud, and, when she does not answer, he lifts her from the saddle and lays her on the grass. Her gloves are in shreds, and her small left hand is torn and bleeding. This Walter takes in his, and eyes with tenderness, then stoops and kisses it with something like a sob.

This seems to rouse her. She stirs—then starts, and, with a wide and frightened look, cries out:

"Oh, Walter, are you hurt? Oh, are you hurt?"

There is exquisite pathos in the cry. For the first time he marks that curious chord. It has a strange effect upon him; for, while Dora sits up and looks about her with her senses very much confused, he throws himself before her, and says, excitedly:

"I love you—yes, I do love you! Will you be my wife?"

Was there ever a more unexpected declaration?

Dora scarcely hears it, when steps approach, and Mrs. Burns and the Elephant, in a great state of heat and anxiety, appear upon the scene, having left the flying figures from the castle window. Mrs. Burns has torn off one of her huge mittens, and is now endeavoring, as she walks, to fasten it on her head with a slender hair-pin, under the impression that it is her lace cap.

"Didn't I say so? Didn't I tell you so, my son?" the old lady cries. "Didn't I tell you I saw danger in that horse's eye? Thank God, the creature was sensible enough to bring her back to us!"

No one notices her. The Elephant is regarding Dora with a fixed look of sadness and resignation. Walter is bending over her with burning eyes, and little Dot, herself, sits on the grass, with both scarred hands outstretched, and the very bliss of heaven shining on her face.

CHAPTER III.—LAST GLIMPSES.

ONLY two pictures more, and I have done.

PICTURE I.—Dora Franklin, in a white dress, sitting in the nursery of her "house in town," with one child on her lap and another on the bed beside her.

To her, as she sings softly, enters Marie Beatty—still Marie Beatty—docked grandly for a ball.

The beauty is dressed more fashionably, but not less becomingly, than of yore, with a *soufflé* of *rouge* to replace the vanished shell-tints of her cheek. Her smile is as frequent, but less natural, than it was ten years ago. Dora nods, with a dimple in her cheek, but holds her finger to her lip and goes on singing. Marie the Beautiful, stands looking silently upon her from her stately height. There is only one lamp in the room, carefully shaded. Through Dora's crooning song sounds the heavy breathing of the child upon the bed, and now and then a fretful moan from the one she holds.

Into the "house in town" have entered many cares. Pain and sickness, and even death has not been spared. One little soul God lent in trial, and took again almost immediately. In this rich home tears have been shed, and many heavy sighs gone up to God, but one good thing has never failed.

Love is the one great good to which Dot clings, and love has never left her home. How can it leave? If all the loves of earth should vanish or grow cold, nothing can separate her from the love of God!

So that, despite all cares, the green-gray eyes are calm and bright, and the frank brow as smooth as ever.

Marie marks this, standing silently beside her; marks, too, the gracious roundness of the little form; marks the rough locks, the simple dress the children's hands have tumbled.

Then her breast heaves beneath its silken sheath—the breast on which no child has ever lain.

"If I had—children, Dot," she says, in hesitating accents—"if I had children—then, Dora, I could be like you!" and something like a tear stands in her eye.

"Like me?" the little woman asks, surprised. "Like me?" with thrill of pathos in her voice. Laying her child softly on the bed, she comes to the beauty's side. "Ah, you can be a thousand times more beautiful than I shall ever be!" she says, with sweet humility. "Old friend, give up this life you lead!"—with eager, brown hands clasping Marie's arm. "Come, try our quiet life. You'll surely find the peace you're missing now. Marie, your eyes are telling tales—they are crying out to me, 'Hungry! hungry!' and oh, so weary! Do I read them aright, old friend?" Her melting looks tears to her own soft eyes, but Marie looks a trifle puzzled, and then impatient.

"But you are married, Dora," she says; "it is quite different. And I"—in accents of regret—"no doubt I'll be an old maid, Dora!"

"Is marriage, then, the only good?" Dot cries, with eloquence. "Ah, dear, you are mistaken! My husband is the dearest treasure of my heart, yet even had I never met him, I am sure I might have found true peace—alone. I believe—I do believe that happiness is equally distributed to us. God gives us equivalents, Marie—only sometimes we are foolish enough to think our good not so good as another's, ignorant that the blessing we covet might come to us hand in hand with a curse."

Had Dora married a man more truly noble, nearer her grand ideal, probably she would have built her hopes on him, and not found such deep consolation in her glad doctrine of equivalents. As it is, Dot speaks not of her blindness, nor her painful times of clearer vision; she speaks not of her joys nor disappointments; she speaks not of her patient love, her never-dying faith and hope. And why? Because she thinks her woes no greater than another's; her joys far more than she deserves!

The beauty listens, half-moved, half-puzzled, then she draws her white furs up over her shoulders with a shiver.

"I shall be late," she says; "my escort must be quite tired, sitting there by himself in the carriage. Good-by, little woman. Don't look at me so! It is only a slight fit of the blues, which will pass off when I hear the music. I'll think of your little sermon when the season is over. Remember me to Walter. I should have liked him to see me to-night, as it isn't often he sees me in my finery, and, you know, he used to think me handsome."

As she speaks, Walter enters on tiptoe. He takes her hand and compliments her gayly on her looks. Then his gaze wanders from her, as she stands before him in her gleaming silk and frothy lace, with rouge on her cheeks and jewels in her hair, to where his wife is

seemed that she must die before his wife was won! And then she gave him solemnly her diamond cross, its flashing light contrasting strangely with her death-dimmed eyes.

"For her," she said, and paused; "and may you love her better still than I love you, and may you be as true to her as you have ever been to me, my own — my son! And when her children gather round your knees, then, in your love for them, remember me."

"I will," he answered, trembling, his pallid face hidden against her hands.

And then she lies, this fair, wan, Winter night, the great diamonds burning on her icy breast, in the room she decked for the wife her noble son should win some day.

And the red Elephant sits before the organ looking up at Saint Cecilia. As before, she wears the Beauty's golden hair, but she holds no lily out to him. As he gazes at her through the dim shadows and the moon's wan rays, her shell-tints seem to pale. She smiles divinely — this goddess of his mad idolatry — but her great, sweet eyes are drawn in tears.

He puts his fingers on the keys. There is no fear now of disturbing his mother. Faintly there steals through the room a wonderful strain — an epithalamium for the bride above — a knell for his own dead heart. Louder and louder it swells out through the door, and up to the dim and odorous room where the bride of death lies sleeping. The music swells.

It changes from a solemn knell to a passionate human wail of anguished love! Slowly it dies into a calmer strain — a strain of peace and holiest resignation; and at the last, as though the trump of an archangel pealed, it bursts into a song of heavenly triumph.

So does the nightingale pour all its soul out on the wings of sound.

Then there is silence. The moon's wan rays now shun the organ and seek the further corners of the room.

Suddenly out of the black recess, where the outlines of a great form are dimly visible, there comes a cry.

"Mother!"
It is terrible!
Then again — "Mother!"
Then there is silence.

"Pointless," the fair, wise critic says, disdainfully laying aside this foolish tale.

Pointless and inconsistent! Pray, what was the sense, if any, of those preliminary remarks? In accordance with them, to make this tale consistent, *thus* should events have run: The peerless Marie should have wedded handsome Wulter, and every joy that earth can give have fallen to their share. Dora and Big Ben Burns — with their beautiful, hidden souls — should have suffered all the pangs earth's blindness could inflict, then left this cruel world to enter into joys "which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive"; while Marie and her lover, though they might "live beloved and die regretted," should yet have had a hint that they must rep, in the hereafter, a harvest of despair beyond the ken of man.

I cannot answer you, fair critic. Hush! I cannot heed you.

From out of the shadows a terrible cry has reached me — a cry of anguish from a man's wrung heart!

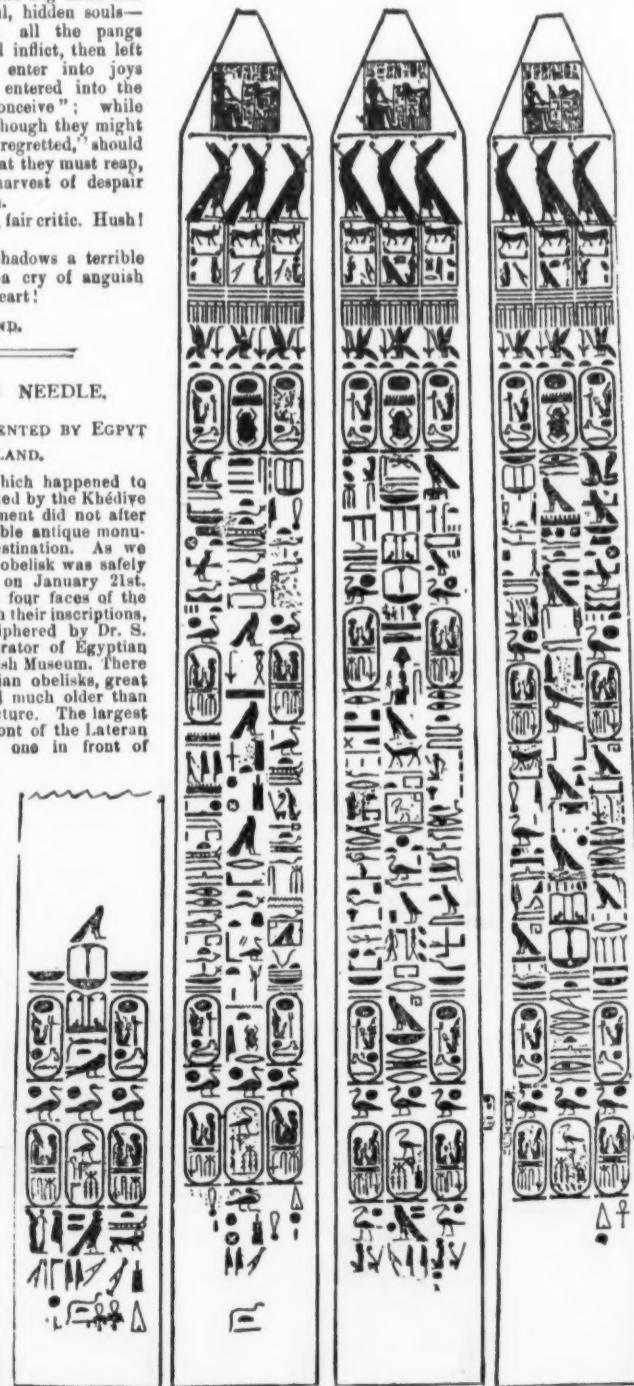
Hush!

THE END.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

THE OBELISK PRESENTED BY EGYPT TO ENGLAND.

THE catastrophe which happened to the obelisk presented by the Khedive to the British Government did not after all prevent that valuable antique monument reaching its destination. As we stated last week, the obelisk was safely towed to Gravesend on January 21st. In our illustration the four faces of the obelisk are shown, with their inscriptions, which have been deciphered by Dr. S. Birch, the learned Curator of Egyptian Antiquities at the British Museum. There are some forty Egyptian obelisks, great and small, and several much older than the subject of our picture. The largest at Rome stands in front of the Lateran church; there is also one in front of St. Peter's, and several others. It is considered by Egyptologists that the obelisk and the pyramid were forms symbolic of the rising and the setting sun. Obelisks were erected to the east of the river Nile — pyramids on its western bank. The Rising Sun, which extended to noon-day, was the visible manifestation, in their pantheistic Nature-worship, of the generative and preservative power, which they worshipped by the name of Ra, or Life. The Setting Sun, ultimately including Night, was the token of Death, and the dark Underworld, into which the human soul would descend, like other animals, as was signified by the daily sinking of the sun beneath the horizon. This was called Tum, and the pyramids, dedicated to Tum, were the sepulchres of dead kings and illustrious persons.



ENGLAND.—CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, PRESENTED BY THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

The Egyptian temples, on the contrary, in which Ra and the other gods of Life, Light and Truth were worshiped, had their gates adorned with pairs of obelisks, which also served as monuments to record the name and fame of the monarchs by whom they were set up. An Egyptian King was, in fact, deified in his lifetime, like the Caesars of Rome, who probably learned from Egypt this trick of blasphemous arrogance. The Pharaoh of the day was the Horus, the incarnate son of Ra, and the Kheper-Ra, or earthly God of his age, with other preposterous titles, with which these obelisks are inscribed. The most ancient obelisk known is supposed to be not much less than five thousand years old. The two obelisks which were removed by Octavius or Augustus Caesar from On (Heliopolis) to Alexandria, where they ornamented the front of the Caesareum, in honor of Julius Caesar, are popularly called "Cleopatra's Needles." That famous princess, indeed, had died several years before, yet she is likely to have designed their removal, as well as the erection of the Caesareum. The two obelisks themselves were erected at On or Heliopolis, seven or eight hundred miles distant, about 1600 years before the birth of Christ, together with another pair of obelisks, now respectively at Constantinople and at Rome. The Pharaoh or King by whom they were originally set up at On was Thothmes III.; but one of his successors, Rameses II., or Sesostris, as the Greeks called him, who reigned two centuries later, has added the side lines of hieroglyphic inscriptions, to his own honor and glory, while the middle perpendicular line sets forth the renown of Thothmes III., the proper constructor and donor of the obelisk. The dimensions of the British monolith, which consists of syenite, the rose-red granite of Syene or Assuan, are exceeded by one of those of Karnak, and slightly by those brought to Rome and to Paris. Its length is 68 ft. 5 1/8 in., and its greatest breadth at the base is 7 ft. 10 1/8 in. on two opposite sides, and 7 ft. 5 in. on the other two sides, the base not presenting a perfect square, but a perfect rectangular figure. The breadth, as it ascends, gradually diminishes to within 7 ft. or 8 ft. of the top, where it tapers off into a slender pyramid, which was perhaps covered with bronze or gold.

The inscriptions on the sides of the obelisk are thus described by Doctor Birch:

On the pyramidion, the god Tum is represented seated on a throne, holding an emblem of life in his right, and a sceptre in his left hand, receiving the offerings of water of Thothmes III., represented as a sphinx, seated on a kind of edifice in shape of the object containing the standard, or, as I should call it, the palatial name; for, in some instances, the bolt of the door is sculptured across the bars. He faces Tum, and holds in each hand a globe or jar of water. There are seven vertical lines of hieroglyphs here, and the three referring to Tum call him, "Tum, lord of On," or Heliopolis, "above all the gods, the great god, lord of the great house," either the palace, or rather the temple, of Heliopolis. The four lines about Thothmes say, "The gift of fresh water by the good god lord of the two

countries, Ra men, Xepri," or Men Xepe-ra, "giver of eternal life." On the base or standard on which the sphinx is placed is the so-called standard title of the king, and his name as "the Powerful Bull crowned in Uas," or Western Thebes, "the son of the sun, Thothmes." Before the sphinx is inscribed "the making a gift of pure water." This scene, with variations of the titles of Tum, and of the gifts of Thothmes, is repeated on each side of the apex.

The other part of this side, which may be called the shaft, has three lines, but the central one is that of the first king, who set up the obelisk, and, as there is one on each side, it is evident that the obelisk was set up in his reign at Heliopolis, and that Rameses II. subsequently sculptured his legends on both sides of the central line. Valuable as these lines are in an historical sense, they do not add to the beauty of the monument, for a single central line with a wide space on each side is both simpler and grander. The central line reads:

"The Horus, lord of the Upper and Lower country. The powerful bull crowned in Uas has made his monument to his father Haremaku: he has set up to him two great obelisks, capped with gold at the first time of the festival of thirty years. According to his wish he did it, the son of the sun, Thothmes, beloved of Haremaku ever living."

Haremaku is the Harmachis of the Greek writers, the sun in the horizon, and he represented one of the phases of the great luminary — perhaps his passage from one horizon to the other, and one of his types was the Sphinx. The Horus title at the commencement is the Apollo of the Greek translation of an obelisk introduced by Ammianus Marcellinus into his history from the unknown writer Herapion.

The fact of Thothmes appearing in the shape of a sphinx on the monument and dedicating his two obelisks to Harmachis shows that they were especially connected with that god. The pair of obelisks of Alexandria, therefore, stood as the sides of a pylon of one of the chapels of the great temple of Heliopolis, and were set up on the occasion of the celebration of the festivals of thirty years on the day of the first time of celebrating that festival. We would here point out that the obelisks were capped with gold or gilded copper, no doubt for the purpose of preservation against storm or lightning. Those dedicated to the god Thoth in the British Museum are said to have had their tops capped with "black metal," or iron.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mare's Milk. — The following numbers represent the mean of a series of analysis of genuine mare's milk as determined by Mr. J. Muter: Fat, 0.50 per cent.; sugar, 6.74 per cent.; casein, 1.67 per cent.; ash, 0.41 per cent. Total solids, 9.32 per cent. The balance being water.

A Pension to Madame Le Verrier. — Immediately after the death of Le Verrier, the French Government granted a pension to his widow, but she died before the first monthly instalment became due. It is proposed to continue the pension to the son and daughter of the astronomer.

Honors to Professor Dana of New Haven. — The Royal Society of London has conferred the Copley Medal on Professor James Dwight Dana, for his biological, geological and mineralogical investigations, carried on through half a century, and for the valuable works in which his conclusions and discoveries have been published.

Important to Mariners. — In the French Nautical Almanac for 1879 some important improvements have been introduced. M. Loewy, of the Astronomical Observatory, has invented a method which enables longitudes to be calculated according to occultations of stars by the moon with such facility that sailors will be able to use it with benefit. He has also prepared tables which enables the latitude to be obtained by observation of the polar star.

An Ingenious Sounding Line. — M. Tardieu employs a spherical envelope of India-rubber communicating with an iron reservoir by means of a small tube which is provided with a valve. The envelope being filled with mercury, any increase of external pressure forces it into the reservoir some of the mercury, which cannot return on account of the valve. The weight of the mercury determines the pressure, and consequently the depth of the water.

A Cure for Sleeplessness. — Dr. Vigoreux has devised a cure for sleeplessness which is said to be generally successful. The new cure is effected by galvanism applied by placing the two electrodes, which are broad, flat, and of carbon, covered with chamois leather, one on each temple. The current from three, or, at the most, five, of Trouve's elements is to be passed for half or a whole minute. The effect sometimes extends beyond one night, but is usually limited to twelve hours.

Glass Types. — Types for printing are now manufactured in France and Germany of the tempered or toughened glass. They have been successfully tried in Paris on the improved revolving press for continuous paper, and it is claimed for them that they do not wear as rapidly as metal, that they can be more readily cleaned, that compositors are not poisoned by them, and that they are cheaper. They are cast in the same way as ordinary type and are perfectly shaped and true. Much satisfaction is expressed in reference to the new invention in Leipzig, where it has been subjected to careful trial. It is not stated whether the annealing can be made so perfect as to obviate the danger of the explosion of a font of the glass types.

Benzole in Coal Gas. — It appears from researches made by Berthelot that benzole is usually present in coal gas, as he has shown by the action of forming nitric acid on the gas producing nitro benzole. The illuminating power of gas is due mainly to the presence of benzole, and as this substance is easily condensed by cold, a sudden frost always diminishes the light furnished to consumers. To remedy this loss many families enrich the gas by allowing it to pass through benzole conveniently stored in an apparatus called a carburetor. The carburetor ought to be placed in a cool place to prevent the clogging of pipes which pass through unoccupied and unwarmed rooms. Frankland has shown that it is not so much the excess of carbon in proportion to the hydrogen that affords greater light, but the condensation of these elements in the unit of volume. Hence the great value of benzole for illuminating power.

The Late Professor James Orton. — Another victim to scientific zeal has been found in the person of Professor James Orton of Vassar College, who died in South America, September 24th, 1877, while on an exploring expedition across Bolivia into Brazil. It was Professor Orton's ambition to trace the course of the Beni River, and to indicate the position of the water-shed so as to facilitate communication across the continent and bring about a connection between the rivers flowing into the Pacific and those whose course was into the Amazon and Atlantic. He would have accomplished this work but for the treachery of his Indian guides and the cowardice of the soldiers who were detached to accompany him. Being deserted by his men, he was compelled to return towards Peru, and it was while crossing Lake Titicaca to Peru that he succumbed to disease and exhaustion. He leaves as a monument valuable works of travel and textbooks on natural history.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. FREMONT writes from Paris that the French trials have resulted in giving General Fremont a complete release from all obligations.

The ex-Queen of Spain got only \$60,000 for her pearl and diamond necklace. There were 169 pearls and 40 diamonds, with sapphire clasp.

Mrs. JULIA A. MOORE, the whilom sweet singer of Michigan, is known now as "the Nightingale of the Badger State." Such is fame in America.

JUDGE BARTLEY, of Washington, D. C., whose first wife was a sister of General Sherman, is about to marry Miss Miller, a young and attractive lady.

ISAAC VAN NOSTRAND, an American of literary tastes, with a most substantial bank account, is living the life of a barbarian prince on his Manila plantation, in the Philippine Islands.

The King and Queen of Naples have, for some years, passed the hunting season in Northamptonshire. The Queen has hunted, the King has remained home. But this year the King hunts, and the Queen remains in London.

A YEAR ago one of the leading Conservative British Peers said to Lord Beaconsfield: "You do not seem to be having your own way in the Cabinet?" "When the time comes, I shall have it," replied Lord Beaconsfield.

By an oversight the credit for the photograph from which our recent picture of the steamer dragging out snags in the Wisconsin River was taken, was attributed to the wrong person. The actual artist was H. Far, of Prairie du Chien, Wis.

A SYMPHONY by Haydn, which had not previously been played, has been performed at the annual performance of the Concert Society of the Paris Conservatoire, and has been declared by the critics to be a work full of the peculiar charm of Haydn's style.

MADAME YOSHIDA, the wife of the Japanese Minister, now speaks our language so well that she is able to make her ceremonious calls in Washington, unaccompanied by prompter or interpreter. Her little daughter, who is beginning to talk, speaks English exclusively.

It is announced that Her Majesty Queen Victoria will spend a great part of the London season in Buckingham Palace, and attend to her social duties, of which, as the world knows, her Imperial Highness is not very fond. This is gratifying intelligence to shopkeepers, and they hope a great deal from it.

GENERAL SAIGO, of the Imperial Army of Japan, has written to the Mayor of Philadelphia a letter acknowledging the receipt of the resolution of thanks, passed by the City Councils, for the gift of the Japanese house in the Centennial Exhibition Grounds. The General says the resolution will hereafter be kept in the Museum of Tokio "so as to remain memorable."

Much indignation is expressed in Berlin papers at the conduct of the citizens towards the members of the Chinese Legation who may happen to walk the streets. They are followed by crowds and their cues pulled, to the great delight of the populace. The police have orders to arrest all offenders, and school-teachers have been directed by the Government to urge decent behavior in this matter upon their pupils. In London and Paris the Chinese Legations have never been annoyed.

MR. G. A. SALA is writing some curious theatrical sketches in the columns of a London paper. Of Mr. Macready, he says: "I conscientiously declare that, in the whole course of my life, I never heard any man use language so foul and blasphemous as that habitually and systematically made use of behind the scenes, by that illustrious tragedian, William Charles Macready. I unhesitatingly, and without fear of contradiction, assert, that his manners in the theatre were simply ruffianly, and that his speech and demeanor were as brutal to women as they were towards men."

THE Empress of Austria — also a huntress of fame — resides the greater part of the year in Hungary. She speaks the language fluently, and is very popular. She hunts, during the season, four or five days a week, and her energy is worthy of greater success than rewards it, for her hounds seldom kill. In Vienna the Empress is not popular. She rarely lives there, and loses no opportunity to show her dislike of court ceremonies and the court etiquette, so dear to the German mind. The Emperor, on the other hand, lives in uniform, and insists upon all officers appearing in it.

MERCEDES, the Queen of Spain, is one of the most beautiful sovereigns in Europe. She is a pretty young woman of the pure Spanish type, with very black eyes and hair, fine features and a full figure. She received from the Duke de Montpensier, her father, a dowry of \$5,000,000, a great quantity of diamonds, and a magnificent trousseau. Her sister, the Countess de Paris, sent a wedding gift of a beautiful suite of jewels. The young king gave his bride loads of jewels, and his portrait set in brilliants; and the Pope sent a wedding-ring which he had blessed, and a rose in diamonds.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS is reported to have written one-third of his story of "The Woman in White" before he could get a title for the work. After cudgeling his brains in vain, he betook himself to Broadstairs. He walked and smoked for hours on the cliffs, but no title came. At last, as the sun went down, he threw himself on the grass, and looked crossly at the North Foreland Lighthouse. Savagely biting the end of his last cigar, he said aloud to the building standing stiffly and coldly in the evening light: "You are ugly and stiff and awkward, you know you are; as stiff and weird as my white woman — white woman! — Woman in White! The title, by Jove!" And the book was named.

MR. BOUCICAULT, founder and proprietor of the famous Magasins du Bon Marché, and one of the nobilities of modern Paris, died suddenly last month. Starting with a little linendraper's shop at a corner in the Rue du Bac, he succeeded little by little in creating the vast and most frequented establishment of the kind in the world. The Magasins du Bon Marché, which extend over an immense surface, contain all the products of modern industry in the way of furniture and clothing, of objects for household use or of luxury. Without leaving them, one could fit up a most elaborate establishment, even to the stables, for M. Boucicault allowed customers to make their choice from the numerous fine horses kept for his personal use or for that of the establishment. Of late years he employed more than five hundred persons, and his premises — which contained reading, art, hair-dressing and concert-rooms, a free restaurant, etc. — were visited by more than 25,000 people daily. He is said to have left an enormous fortune; but, what is better, he leaves the reputation of a man who never forgot his early struggle, and was ever a friend to the unfortunate.

HON. JAMES B. GROOME.

UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM
MARYLAND.

JAMES B. GROOME, ex-Governor of Maryland, was elected United States Senator from that State to succeed Hon. George R. Davis, on the 18th of January last, receiving seventy-three votes out of ninety-two. He was born in the town of Elkton, Cecil County, Maryland, April 4th, 1838. He is a grandson of Dr. John Groome, who, in the first quarter of the present century, was a prominent and popular physician of Cecil, which county he several times represented in the House of Delegates. On the maternal side he is a grandson of the Hon. James R. Black, of Delaware, who, for a number of years before his death, which occurred in 1839, enjoyed a high reputation for the ability and fidelity with which he discharged his duties as one of the Judges of the Superior Court of Delaware. Governor Groome was named in honor of his grandfather, Judge Black, whom he is said, by old Delawarians, greatly to resemble in personal appearance.

In the Spring of 1854 or 1855, James B. Groome, with a brother a year or two younger, who bore his father's name, was placed at "Tennent School," Hartsville, Pennsylvania, to finish a preparatory course previous to entering one of the higher classes at Princeton College, N. J. The older brother injured his eyesight so seriously that for several years he was under medical treatment for its restoration, and compelled entirely to give up his studies. His sight having at length considerably improved, he abandoned his purpose of attending college, and became a student of law in his father's office. In the Spring of 1861 he was admitted to the Bar, and from very small beginnings gradually secured a large and lucrative practice.

In politics Mr. Groome has always been a Democrat, and in the early days of the late war, when there was a Republican majority of nearly 2,000 in his county, took an active part with other prominent Democrats of Cecil in keeping up the Democratic organization there. The result was that the Republican majority in Cecil steadily decreased, until the Fall of 1866, when that party was beaten in the county.

The ensuing Spring Mr. Groome was elected to the convention called to frame a new constitution for the State. For upwards of a month he took no part in the debates of that body, which contained among its members many of the ablest men of the State, and contented himself with attempting to acquire the reputation of being "a working member."

In 1871 Mr. Groome was placed upon the legislative ticket of Cecil, and elected by a majority which demonstrated, notwithstanding the active part he had taken upon the stump in the party contests of late years, that he was still one of the most popular men of his section of the State. Entering the House of Delegates personally unknown to nearly all of his associates, he at once took rank as one of its ablest, if not its ablest member, and when, at the close of the second week of the session, the members were required to vote for a United States Senator who, by the law of the State, was to be taken from the Eastern Shore, several of them recorded their votes in favor of Mr. Groome. Notwithstanding his known and repeated avowals, in private conversation, that he did not wish to be considered a candidate, his vote increased until, upon the seventh, a dozen members declared in his favor, leaving but three of the ten gentlemen voted for with a larger number of supporters. As soon as



HON. JAMES B. GROOME, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM MARYLAND.

this result was announced, Mr. Groome withdrew

his name.

As the Presidential contest of 1872 opened, Mr. Groome and nearly all the prominent Democrats of Cecil were strongly opposed to ratifying the nomination of Horace Greeley, made by the dissatisfied Republicans, and a delegation opposed to the Greeley movement was sent from Cecil to the State Convention. But after the nomination of Mr.

Greeley was ratified by the Baltimore National Convention, Mr. Groome, deeming that the true interests of the country required that the Democratic Party should give an earnest support to the nominees of its Convention, unhesitatingly accepted a place on the electoral ticket.

In 1874, while a member of the Legislature, he

was elected Governor, to succeed William Pinkney Whyte, who had been chosen United States Senator,

receiving in joint session seventy-five votes, to eighteen for Hon. John E. Smith, nominee of the Republican caucus. Upon serving out the unexpired term he withdrew from active politics and resumed the practice of his profession, from which he has now been recalled.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON FOR WOMEN.

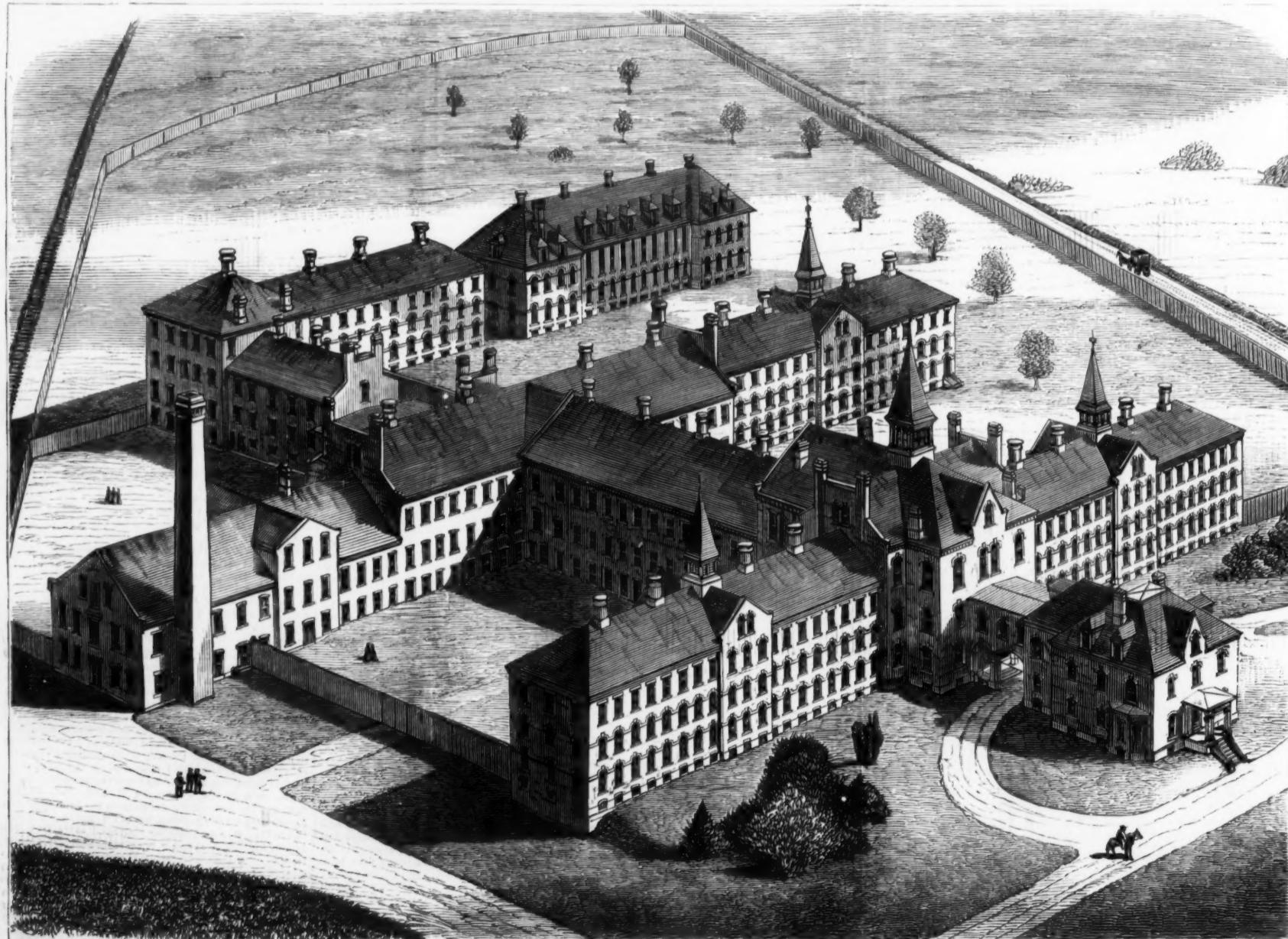
THE new State Prison for Women at South Framingham, Mass., the building of which was begun two years ago, has now received a large number of prisoners, and the experiment of conducting a separate penal institution for women is attracting marked attention.

The site of the prison is about three-quarters of a mile from South Framingham depot. Surrounding the entire prison and all its divisions and wings—every part, in fact, except the superintendent's house—is a substantial fence eleven feet high. Between the wings are various yards at level grade; four of them reserved for exercise grounds, where the inmates, if properly disposed, may have outdoor recreation. Convicts are received at a main gate on the south side, opposite Division I. They enter a room where they are washed, ticketed, and in every way prepared for a longer or shorter tarry in the institution; then up to the office, where they are assigned cells or apartments, according to condition.

It is designed that this shall be a genuine reformatory institution, and not such only in name, without the least semblance or approach to the fact. To accomplish this result, the first object has been to provide for the complete classifying of the convicts received, so that the thoroughly vicious shall never be found contaminating those by degrees unfortunate—criminal through circumstances rather than from inclination. For the hardened a strong prison has been devised, containing fifty cells in three ranges, opening into a general corridor, the cells furnished with grated doors, and presenting all the features of a dungeon, so far as strength is concerned. These are the only cells in the building which have no windows, but as the other wall of the corridor is bountifully supplied, no lack of sunlight is found. This is a prison indeed, and as an adjunct, two cells in a remote part of the basement have been fitted up, where the obstinate and absolutely refractory may be isolated, and howl, or cry, or swear themselves into subjection. These are the only appearances of severity in the institution.

For women with babies, excellently designed rooms—they are above the order of cells—have been designed, and these, grouped in a division, are called the nursery. These rooms are furnished with a crib beside the bed, and are really more comfortable than anything of the sort many who will occupy them ever saw in their life. This division is near the hospital, and within easy distance of the apartments of the doctor and her assistants.

This is to be a place of work, and not idleness. In the south basement the most elaborate arrangements for laundry-work have been prepared, and a large amount of room set apart for the purpose. Three large rooms furnish the space for the laundry-work of the establishment. A much larger space is provided for laundry-work sent in from outside by the public, who can patronize the institution. Up-stairs there are great rooms for basket-making, sewing, clothes-making, or such light work as comes within the capability of women to perform, and may be selected by the officials. The



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE NEW STATE PRISON FOR WOMEN AT SOUTH FRAMINGHAM.

chapel is a fine, large hall, easy of access, and pleasant to visit.

The officers so far appointed and now in their places are Mrs. Eudora C. Atkinson, Superintendent widow of the Rev. T. Atkinson, and daughter of the late Hon. B. C. Clark, of Boston, who has been connected with General Armstrong's School, at Hampton, Va.; Dr. Eliza M. Mosher, Physician, who leaves a large practice in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to accept her present place; Col. J. C. Whiton, treasurer and steward, and a half-dozen or more matrons appointed by the superintendent. The chaplain, who, by law must be a female, has not yet been appointed.

THE LATE EDWARD K. COLLINS.

A FEW weeks ago we called attention to the fact that an effort was being made to raise a fund for the benefit of Edward K. Collins, of this city, formerly a famous shipmaster, and the founder of the first American line of European packet-steamer. At that time Mr. Collins was in the West, and was believed by his friends to have suffered crippling reverses of fortune. We regret to announce that Mr. Collins died at his residence, One Hundred and Thirty-third Street and Madison Avenue, New York, on Tuesday, January 22d. He was born at Truro, Cape Cod, State of Massachusetts, on the 5th day of August, 1802. His death was very sudden and unexpected, and happily free from suffering.

Mr. Collins has been identified with the business and commerce of the City of New York for a period of upwards of a half century, and in all of his relations, either in business or private life, no man was more respected. He received the earlier rudiments of his education at an academy at Sandwich, Cape Cod, and finished at a school in Elizabethtown, New Jersey. At about the age of fifteen years he became a clerk with Messrs. McCrea & Slidell, at 41 South Street, continuing with them several years. He left that firm to enter the

NEW YORK.—LOADING AMERICAN EXHIBITS FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION ON BOARD OF THE U. S. SHIP "SUPPLY."

A few years later, about the year 1831, he became the owner and agent of the New York and Louisiana Line of Packet Ships, sailing between this port and New Orleans. In 1836 he established the Dramatic Line of Packets, between this port and Liverpool, England, composed of the ships *Shakespeare*, *Garrick*, *Sheridan*, *Siddons*, and *Roscius*, and they were, in their day, wonders, being vastly superior to anything then afloat, both as to size and comfort. There are still many persons living who remember the great pride of New Yorkers in those vessels. When the English steamers first began to ply between Europe and this port, Mr. Collins concluded that steam was to become the mode of propelling vessels upon the ocean.

incident is related of Mr. Collins, as he one day stood upon the deck of his own ship—the *Siddons*—watching the British steamer *President* as she was passing up to her dock at the foot of Clinton Street, East River. His friend, Mr. Wm. Aymar, now residing in this city, who then stood by his side, remarked: "I can tell, Collins, what you are thinking about. You have determined upon building steamers to cross the Atlantic Ocean!" "Yes," replied Mr. Collins, "and I will build steamers that shall make the passage from New York in ten days and less time to Liverpool, England." This was in the year 1841. He fulfilled his words by establishing in 1850—nine years later—the well-known Collins Line of steamers, *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, *Baltic*, and *Adriatic*, all of which performed the passage within the prescribed time. No higher compliment could be paid to American mechanics and genius than was paid by a member of the British Parliament on the floor of the House of Commons, when he called attention to the steamer *Adriatic*, then lying in the Southampton waters, as the handsomest and noblest specimen of naval architecture afloat in the world. Mr. Collins directed the making of the models of all vessels, either sail or steam, that were built by him or under his superintendence. He was the first to explode the obsolete idea of sharp-floor ships, by the introduction, against the protests of New York ship-builders, of flat-bottomed ships. Time has shown he was correct, and his plans are now adopted both here and abroad. Besides his many improvements in naval architecture, he made improvements in the splicing, rigging and sails of vessels, but never took a patent, preferring that all should have the benefit of his ideas.

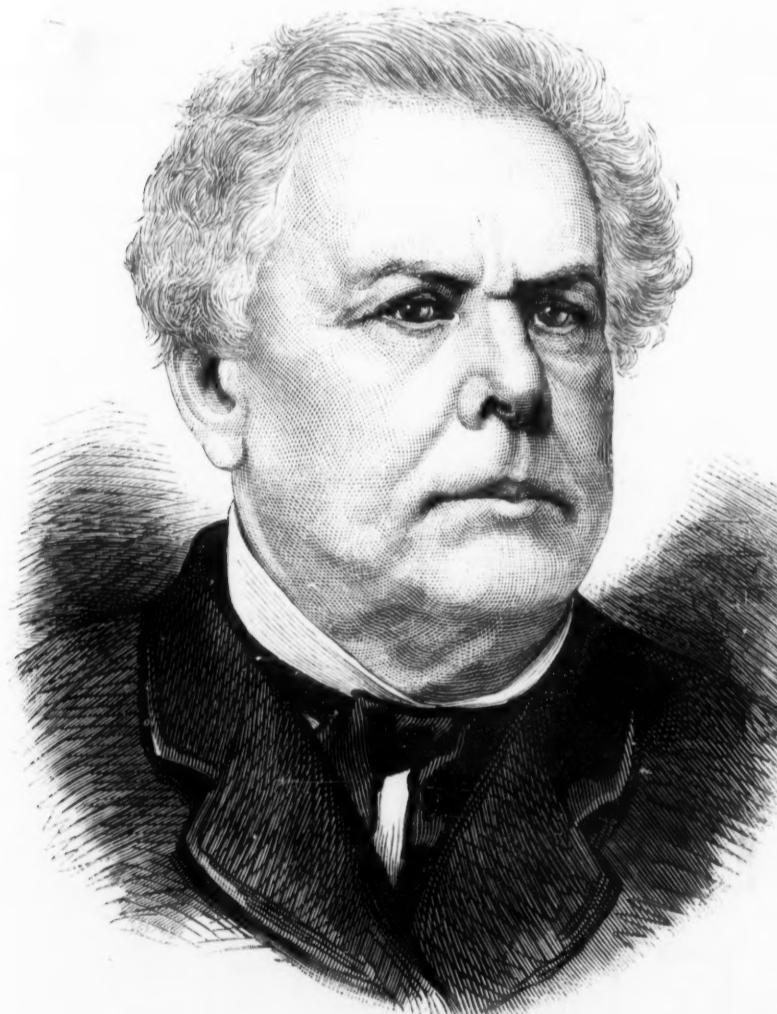
By the action of the United States Government in the breaking of their contract with Mr. Collins, in withholding the mail pay, the Collins Line was withdrawn in 1858, since which time its founder has not been engaged in other business than the development of his immense and valuable mineral property in the State of Ohio. He was throughout a true Christian, charitable to a fault, contributing with an open heart and hand liberally to all worthy causes when his aid was solicited, and many persons now living can bear testimony to his kindness and charities. In all such cases he preferred to be known as a cash donor, refusing to have his name appear in connection with his deed of benevolence.

He died possessed of a handsome estate, consisting of valuable coal and iron mines, and other property, leaving a nation, many friends, a widow and three sons, to mourn his loss. His last moments were as he had lived, in peace, quietness and happiness.

The portrait of Mr. Collins, which we publish this week, is taken from a picture by Fredericks, now hanging in the Maritime Exchange in this city.

SHIPPING GOODS FOR THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.

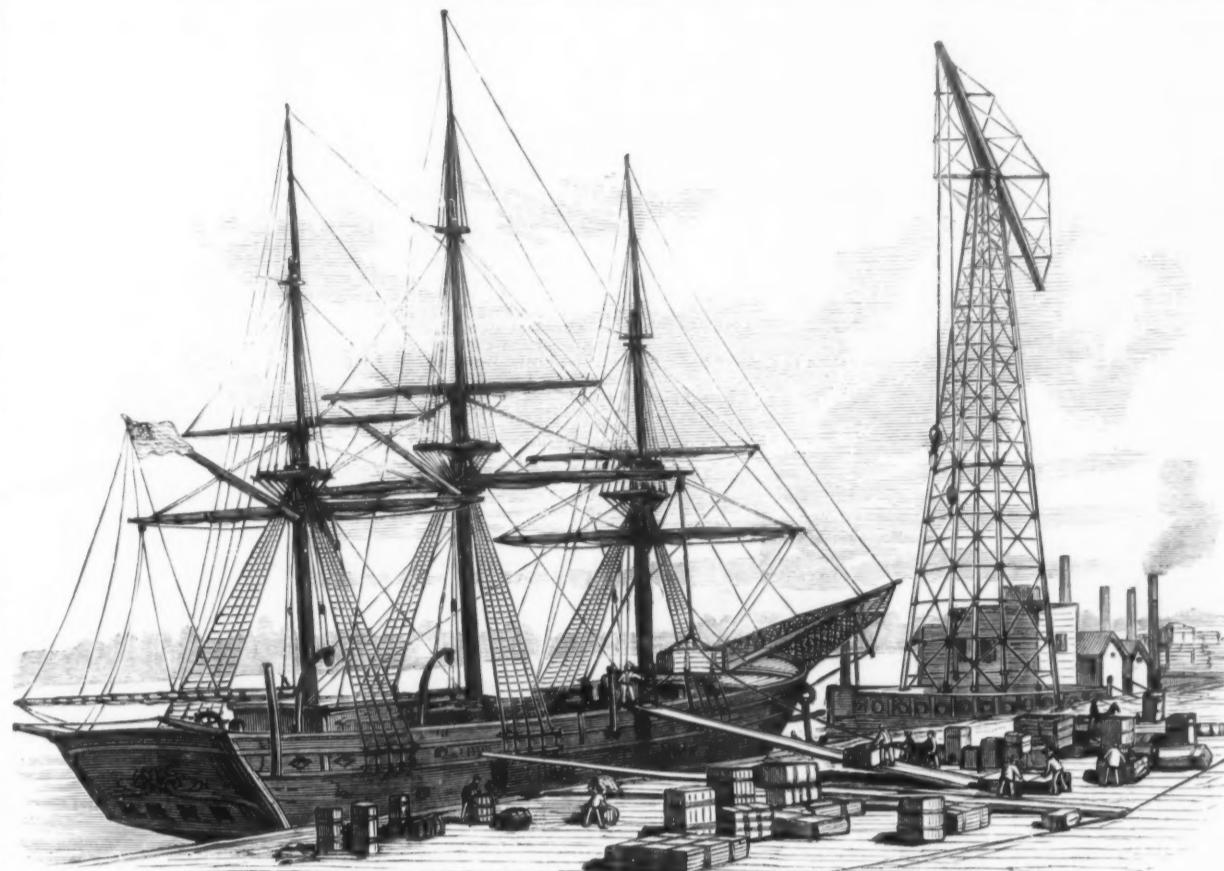
THE action of the United States Congress in making an appropriation for the representation of American Art and Industry in the Paris Exposition has given great popular satisfaction in France, while the Government itself has forwarded a formal letter of thanks through Minister Noyes. Since the appointment of ex-Governor Richard McCormick as Commissioner-General, there has been a degree of interest manifested towards the Exposition that should be a matter of national pride. There have been more applications for space from citizens desirous of exhibiting than can possibly be allowed the United States Section; but the French are so kindly disposed towards us that they are voluntarily negotiating for extra space either within the main cluster of buildings or outside. It is likely that they will accommodate us with room, near the great buildings, for the exhibition of a New England Kitchen.



THE LATE EDWARD K. COLLINS, THE FOUNDER OF THE FIRST AMERICAN LINE OF STEAMSHIPS.—FROM A PAINTING NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE MARITIME EXCHANGE, NEW YORK CITY.

employ of the late John F. Delaplaine, of this city, and was for many voyages to the West Indies supercargo, and jointly interested in the ventures with Mr. Delaplaine, experiencing many hairbreadth escapes from capture by the pirates of those days. About the year 1822 he joined with his father, the late Israel G. Collins, in the general shipping and commission business, at the corner of Burling Slip and South Street, under the firm name of I. G. Collins & Son. They continued together for a few years, when he succeeded to the business in his own name, about which time he established the first line of full-rigged sailing-ships, as packets, running between this port and Vera Cruz, Mexico,

and he made a proposition to President Martin Van Buren to build up an American steam navy, by subsidizing American steamers in transportation of mails to foreign countries. To this proposition he received the curt reply: "This country does not require any navy, much less a steam navy." Notwithstanding Mr. Collins persevered in his project, it was not until the late James K. Polk became President that his efforts were crowned with success. President Polk invited Mr. Collins to draw up a Bill for the subsidizing of American mail steamers, and it was under this Bill, which was passed, that the Bremen, Havre, Pacific Mail, Law and Collins Lines came into existence. An



RHODE ISLAND.—THE NEW BAPTIST CHURCH AT CENTRAL FALLS.

The Government has placed at the disposal of the Commissioner-General the sailing-ship *Supply*, which carried a considerable portion of American exhibits to Vienna, the steam-sloop-of-war *Wyoming*, and the frigate *Constitution*, which will convey all the specimens collected in the United States to France. The *Supply* is expected to sail from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on February 1st, the *Constitution* from Philadelphia, February 15th, and the *Wyoming* from Washington, a day or two later.

Exhibitors are not compelled to ship their goods by this official medium, but may avail themselves of other methods by complying with certain prescribed formalities.

BAPTIST CHURCH, CENTRAL FALLS, R. I.

ON Sunday, September 16th, 1877, the Baptist Society at Central Falls, R. I., dedicated their new church edifice on the corner of Broad and Central Streets. The style of the new church is Gothic; its dimensions are 102 by 64 feet, and its audience-room has seating capacity for six hundred persons. It has a tower 130 feet in height, which has been furnished with a bell from the old church. The organ was also taken from the church on High Street, but it has been completely remodeled.

Back of the gallery, on the Broad Street end of the church, is a fine memorial window, given by the late General Horace Daniels, in memory of his deceased wife. The vestry is arranged in the usual manner. It has rooms of suitable size for the Sunday-school proper, the infant and Bible classes, the ladies' parlor and kitchen, the Sunday-school library, etc. These are all furnished at an expense of almost \$3,000. The entire cost of the church edifice, and the lot as well, is upwards of \$30,000. Of course the society has a good deal for the money invested, as all the contracts have been made since the cost of materials has been reduced. The architect is General William R. Walker, of Providence, and the pastor the Rev. Preston Gurney.

HOW CONSTANTINOPLE HEARD OF THE FALL OF PLEVNA.

THE news of the fall of Plevna reached Constantinople in a curious way. The Porte was informed of the fact, but it kept back the unwelcome intelligence from the public. Private telegrams on the subject were suppressed. It was hoped the disaster would be neutralized by an Asiatic victory, and that the bane and antidote could thus be made known at the same time. It happened, however, that a Greek banker of the name of Camara, and who has had always financial and confidential relations with the Russian Embassy, was at Paris. Immediately on the receipt of the intelligence of the Plevna defeat he telegraphed the news in the following mysterious style: "I announce to you the marriage of Mlle. Plevna with M. Camaroff." There was but one way of interpreting this sphinx-like dispatch, and that was that Plevna had surrendered to the embraces of her Russian suitor. The telegraph operators suspected nothing, and the more so as on the same day several nuptial notices had passed through their hands. Unluckily, also, when the partner of Mr. Camara received the telegram several of his colleagues on 'Change were present. They read the mystery through at a glance, and, with characteristic Greek volubility, soon spread the fact through Galata and Pera. The Porte knew nothing until the next day, when the sudden fall in Turkish consolides startled it out of its equanimity.

A Quicksilver Spring.

A COOPER in Carniola having one evening placed under a dripping spring a new tub, in order to try if it would hold water, when he came in the morning found it so heavy that he could scarcely move it. At first, the superstitious notions that are apt to possess the minds of the ignorant made him suspect that his tub was bewitched; but at last perceiving a shining fluid at the bottom, he went to Laubach, and showed it to an apothecary, who immediately dismissed him with a small gratuity, and bid him bring some more of the same stuff whenever he could meet with it. This poor cooper frequently did, being highly pleased with his good fortune; till at length the affair being made public, several persons formed themselves into a society in order to search further into the quicksilver deposits, thus so unexpectedly discovered, and which were destined to become the richest of their kind in Europe.

A Fatal Discovery.

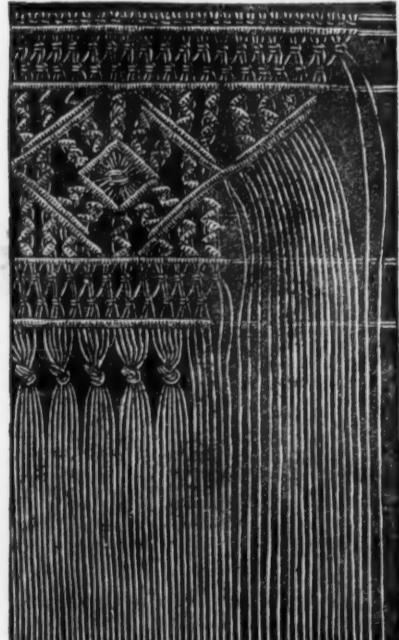
DURING the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the little village of Coserow in the island of Usedom, on the Prussian border of the Baltic, was sacked by the contending armies, the villagers escaping to the hills to save their lives. Among them was a simple pastor named Schwerdler, and his pretty daughter Mary. When the danger was over, the villagers found themselves without houses, food, or money. One day, we are told, Mary went up the Streckelberg to gather blackberries; but soon afterwards she ran back joyous and breathless to her father, with two shining pieces of amber each of very great size. She told her father that near the shore the wind had blown away the sand from a vein of amber; that she straightway broke off these pieces with a stick; that there was an ample store of the precious substance; and that she had covered it over to conceal her secret. The amber brought money, food, clothing, and comfort; but those were superstitious times, and a legend goes that poor Mary was burned for witchcraft. At the village of Stümen, amber was first accidentally found by a rustic who was fortunate enough to turn some up with his plow.

Indian Archery.

INDIAN archery is somewhat different from that practiced by the young ladies and gentlemen of more civilized society. These latter take the arrow between their fingers, place it against the bowstring, and make it assist in bending the bow. An Indian does not do this. He takes his arrow between the thumb and index finger, and pulls the bowstring with his middle finger; nor does he raise his arrow as our boys and girls do; he shoots straight out from the shoulder, and appears to take no aim whatever. He hits the mark, though, too often, as the soldiers about garrison can tell, who have flung their caps or hats into the air, at some Indian's suggestion, only to have them pierced by the returning arrow. The growing papooses—that is, as soon as these are able to toddle—are furnished with bows and arrows, of which the points have been sharpened, and may be seen about the reservations shooting at marks, at small birds, or anything else that may happen to attract their attention. They generally become expert at the age of about ten or twelve, but are not allowed to graduate into buckskin, and all the pleasures of the chase, until they are sixteen or eighteen. Then is the time the real pleasure of the Indian is found to culminate in his first hunt after buffalo.

"INTERIOR DECORATION."

THE advocates of interior decoration will thank Messrs. BARBOUR BROTHERS, of this city, for introducing Macramé Lace—a lace (or "fringe," as some call it) made of Barbour's Irish flax thread. The lace was known in the sixteenth century, and its turn comes again in our day. It is made by knotting threads in rows, one after another, and graceful curves are obtained, and curious knots ("Solomon's knots" they are called) are made, and the curves come out without an effort on the part of the lace makers. Here is a specimen of it:



The materials are simply a cushion, twelve inches wide by eighteen inches long, filled with sand; German pins, and the thread, and the instruction from the retail department of Barbour Brothers in the Domestic Building, Broadway and Union Square, or the reader, at a distance, can, for twenty-five cents, have the lace-book sent by mail. The Messrs. Barbour Brothers issued one edition of the book for free distribution, but a well-illustrated book, given free, would tax the printing presses; the business of the lace and the book grows to such proportions that the gentlemen were obliged to charge cost-price for it. A third edition of the lace-book is now ready. The Messrs. Barbour Brothers are also getting a picture of "a lace room," with a young lady at the cushion; the mantelpiece is fringed with lace, as is the window-curtain and a bracket, and the lace is used over the window, taking the place of a lambrequin, or it may be used as a fringe to the latter. Thus the community can see how to use the lace. There

are some fine exhibits of it in the window of the Domestic Company; there it ornaments an Eastlake chair and table. The large thr-ads. such as the 22 ply, make a very rich fringe. The thread is very durable, and the daughters and grand-daughters of the present generation will be boasting the possession of lace made by their ancestors. It is essentially a work for ladies; daint and delicate fingers succeed best with it. The industrial schools of the country have taken it up. The school at New Haven sent a lady to New York to acquire it. It is a few hours she was able to return home with the art at her fingers' ends. She was quite enthusiastic about it. It is more dainty, as well as more durable, than the crochet-work to which ladies were restricted.

FUN.

"MONEY-SYLLABLES"—I. O. U.

PRETTY girls do go a-begging in this country—at charity fairs.

A SIGN of indigestion—"Gone to dinner; be back in five minutes."

BOA, a Pittsburgh bank cashier, is accused of Ruthless robbery.

TAKE care of the pennies and the pounds will be taken care of by some other person.

EXPERIENCE may be a dear teacher, but she isn't any dearer than a pretty schoolma'am.

THE presiding officer at the commercial traveler's dinner was hailed as the "drum major."

ARE your words of more weight when you profound anything than when you announce it?

WHAT-ER-FALL was that when a Mollie Maguire rolled out of the Penitentiary with a cask-aid!

WHY didn't he eat up the whole desk? We refer to the anaconda who swallowed a pigeon-whole.

A YOUNG man has to take his chances in this world the same as though it was a church fair.

MOST persons who pass a blind beggar in the street cannot see any better than he can. It is catching.

A NEWBURG goat, the other day, devoured an entire novel at one sitting. That's what you might call regular swallow-tale goat.

UP in Jefferson County a reverend gentleman is lecturing on "Wine, Water, Women, Wit, Wisdom," and it's enough, they say, to W up with laughter.

EMMA BAILEY and Emma Colby are billed to run a foot race in Virgin City, Nevada. This will, we suppose, what the printers call a two-em dash.

IF Thomas Lord, the New York millionaire, who at eighty-seven married Mrs. Hicks, is proved to be of unsound mind, the widow will have taken the name of Lord in vain.

HIGH CHURCH PARSON.—"I am sorry to see that you have given up attending church, Mrs. Mangles." Mrs. Mangles: "Well, sir, I hain't bin lately; you see, they do tell me you have given up composites and took to Roman candles, and I was allus mortal afeard of fireworks."

You have here Miss De Glace on a bicycle, Most frequently calm as an icicle; But on wheels of thin steel She will ride like the devil—

Oh, this latter nineteenth is a nice cycle!

NELLIE has a four-year-old sister Mary, who complained to her mamma that her "button shoes" were "hurting." "I 'vy, Mattie, you've put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: "What'll I do, mamma? They's all the feet I've got!"

We have a call bell in our private office. It is used to call one of our boys with. At least that is the popular legend connected with the article. When we want one of the boys, we ring the bell, and then go out in the back office and hunt him up and tell him of the fact. It always pleases him to learn that we have been ringing.

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The sick, during the last hundred years, have swallowed thousands of tons of mercury, sciamony, gamboge, croton oil, jalap, etc., and tens of thousands of graver have been prematurely filled thereby. But ever since the principle of renovation, as embodied in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, was arrayed against the principle of prostration, as represented by mineral salivants and furious purgatives, the latter has steadily and surely fallen into deserved contempt.

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